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NUMBER 36

SEPTEMBER, 1989

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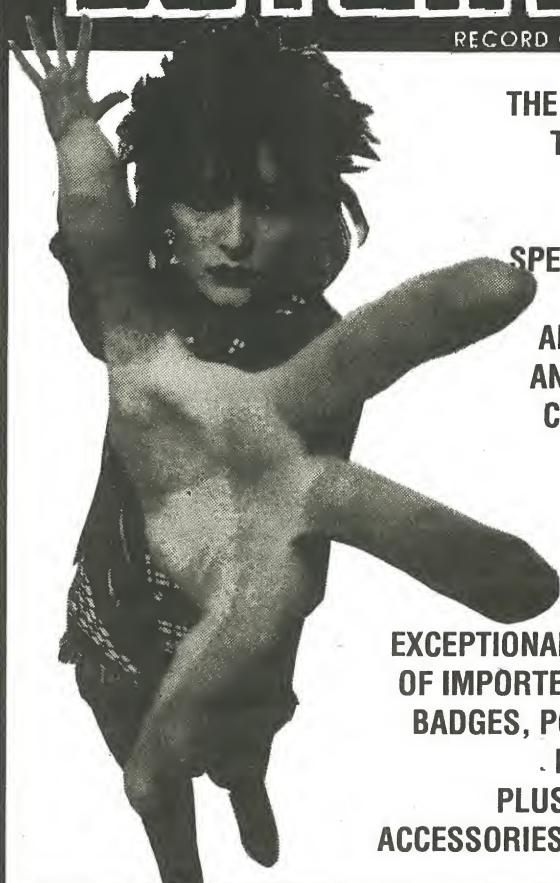
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Remember when CD's first hit the market? Some marketing genius figured they could sell 'em as the Indestructible Wave of audio evolution. They said you could play frisbee with 'em, dump 'em in the microwave and fry them along with your Jiffy-Pop, and they'd Still Play Beautifully.

Now they say they rust.

"Oh boy, honey, let's put on *Exile on Main Street* again... Oh, wait a sec, I'll have to clean the disc off—got a brillo pad?"

Okay, not too many of our regular readers are going to get too worked up about the Fuchsia Sweater crowd having to go out and get new copies of their favourite Beatles CD's. In fact, many will quite enjoy the whole thing—more ammunition for the great Album Versus CD Debate.

Unfortunately, the debate's already over, and album's have lost. All you have to do is wander down to the states and try to find LP's in their record stores. If they do have any, they're tucked way in the backed underneath the Osmonds poster. Right where the 8-track tapes used to be. Usually the salesperson is wearing more vinyl than the store stocks on its shelves.

It hits home in Montreal when a hardcore band like *Scream* comes in for a concert and only has CD's for sale. They don't sell any, of course, but that's only because we're just being backwards Canadian yokels

again.

So, why do people in the (quote) underground (unquote) dislike CD's so much?

Well, there's the fact that they're identified as one of the prime Yuppie Toys, linking them to aerobicizing, money-grubbing, self-centred nitwits who dress funny and talk through their noses... Okay, that's a bit of a generality, but still not someone you'd invite over for tea, beer, or heavy drugs.

Then there's price. They're expensive. Strangely enough, they don't cost any more to manufacture than LP's and they're easier for companies to transport and stock because they're less bulky. But because they've been identified as a Yuppie product—and Yuppies'll pay anything for The Latest Greatest Gadget—they're more overpriced than the beer at Club Soda. But that'll solve itself as greater numbers of companies get involved and competition heats up (tho hopefully not near the CD's—they'd probably melt). In the meantime, tho, the Majors'll promote the Hell out of them 'coz they're making a killing.

But, let's face it, the main reason people hate CD's is aesthetics: For one thing, they're just too damn small. They don't look as impressive as records coz a wall full of albums gets cut down to a couple of boxes of CD's, you can't get nearly as much

TO CD OR NOT TO CD?

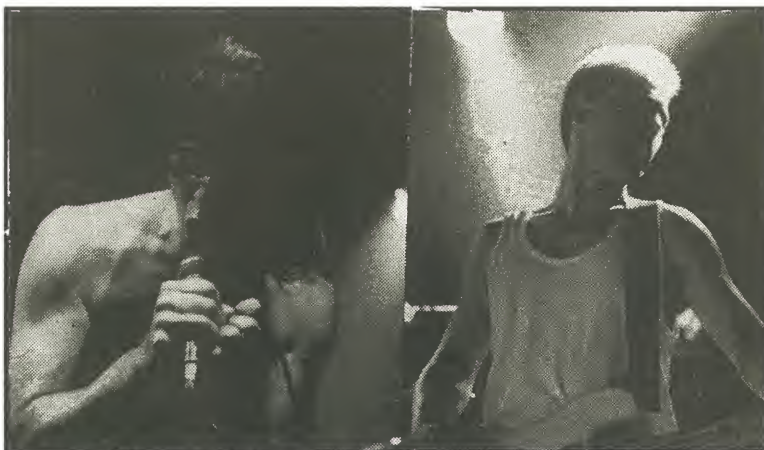
fun stuff inside a CD case as in an album, you can't spend hours in a record store reading the backs of the jackets, you can't flash 'em around metros displaying your latest Bad Brains purchase to the Frank Sinatra business-suit fans...

And, worst of all, they're just not Black—a truly elegant and Verilly Underground colour.

The simplest solution is obviously to just get rid of the ugly little things. But, if we have to put up with them, change that colour, lower that price, and get a new package... something Bigger than an album that you'd be proud to show off to your friends and scare your parents with.

Of course, this is all probably totally irrelevant as the latest from the Land Of The Rising Sun is Digital Audio Tapes. They're smaller, they "sound better" ('tho nothing sounds better than a crackling LP version of *God Save The Queen* in my humble opinion), and they are much much more expensive than CD's, never mind LP's. This is sure to make the local upwardly-mobile types go out and convert their '60's-flashback stuff once again. Our only hope is that the Yuppie generation dies out before the next *My Dog Popper* release comes out only on CD and DAT, and we all have to go listen to it on our parents' funky new \$4000 high-tech centre.

Paul Gott



EN GARDE

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Ya know we're organized coz we got a Second class postage registration number: 8182.

REAR
GARDE

Capital Punishment



Furnace Face.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

By John Sekerka

CKCU program guide *Trans-FM* says goodbye to Randy Cantera as he makes the smooth crossover from editor to wrasslin' publicist (is this a step up?) way out in Calgary. This could be the start of something really big, but I'm afraid the west is just not ready.

The annual Soup Kitchen Benefit was a rousing success. Over \$60 000 in donations and food was collected on a very overcast day.

I no longer have to write about the stagnating Fluid Waffle cause they are no more. With lead guitarist and singer Steve gone to parts unknown, the remaining trio have surfaced as Furnace Face and have been surprisingly visible on the local scene. So the hotshit whizkid is gone and the cool part of the band remains. And get this... an album is in the works and should be out soon. Yeah yeah yeah.

One of the Face's first gigs was at the rejuvenated Sunday Concert Series (how's that for a segue?) now being held weekly at the Downstairs Club. Too bad if you missed 'em 'cause they won't emerge from their cave until next February.

Speakin' of clubs (here we go again) there's grand news to be heard. Since the legendary Underground spiraled into rent hell, there really hasn't been an ultra cool place to hang out... that is, until now. Music addict Eugene is taking his act upstairs (literally) to the spacey confines of what used to be a Chinese restaurant at 413 Rideau.

Zaphod Beeblebrox (no kiddin') will hold about 200, feature live bands, dancing (no house music on Mondays, that's a promise) and probably a whole lot of nifty stuff that ain't out of the bag yet. Confirmed bands for September include Ray Condo (15th), Skydiggers (16th), Change of Heart (22nd), The Randypeters and the Rain Kings (23rd), Jr. Gone Wild (28th), Courage of Lassie (29th), The Pariahs and Feast of the Mau Maus (30th).

Just had a chance to listen to the Bohemian Bananafish's new cassette and I'm damn impressed. Pretty heady stuff with talent oozing out the sides. Can't wait to see what they can do after high school.

That Lucky Ron record I've been harpin' about is now available. The two-track seven inch is out across the city and can also be had at the Downstairs Club Wednesday nights and Saturday afternoons from Ron himself.

Just caught Monkey Cola (and I can't even shake it) at the Woodshock festival (a multi-band three-day event, you figure it out). They knocked my toenails off with a burning version of Donna Summer's *I Feel Love*. Just for that they're my favorite band for this month. Drink up.

Alright, alright, let's get to it shall we? That damn ShareChez contest almost made meretch. Let's start with the good. A lot of new bands (most of which were assembled just for the show) got a chance to strut in front of an actual audience. The Wildings show lotsa promise. Sorry, but that's about it for the good news. How the Hell Raccoons on Ice (covering everyone from the Travelling Wilburies to John Cougar Mellencamp) and Lexy Jones (Foreigner meets Toto) ever get on this bill is mindboggling. Although they don't sit too well with me (and who does these days), the Standing should have been crowned Cheez Whizzes. Treading somewhere between U2 and the Cult, they had mucho stage presence, effective lighting, and (if someone gives them a chance) hitbound tunes. Instead the recipient of fifteen grand is none other than Johnny M (picture Prince vs Tina Turner in Las Vegas). Very glitzy, very cluttered, very showbiz... alright, stop yawning, I'm done.

This month's column goes out to Pete Vainola, ex of the Night Twisters.

Yo-ho-ho and welcome to this month's edition of Banned Info.

Look, You're A Wonderful Bunch Of Folks Department: This, of course, goes out to those terrific guys 'n gals who performed at the *RearGarde* Benefits in Montreal and Toronto, and those of helped out, and those who went to the shows, and, well, goshdammit just about anyone in the least bit involved. You may notice we're out again this month. The Benefits are a big part of our continued existence...

Montreal Invades Europe Department: The Doughboys are off their extended vacation and back in their megatour mode again. Right now they're in Europe playing some big shows, (including one festival in front of 40,000 crazed people with funny accents) and are coming back only to head out West almost immediately...

Deja Voodoo are also heading in a generally European direction at the end of the month. For real, this time...

Well, It's A Wild And Crazy Road Trip Department: How about: Paul gets very drunk, kisses a boa constrictor, later that night gets arrested for drunk driving and almost gets raped by two huge dudes in jail who were calling him 'Goldilocks'...

Well, it's a great story, Blake, and it's nice to get the dirt on the recent *Asexuals* mini U.S. tour. But is it true?

"Yeah, I swear. Nobody cares if the band was tight or groovy or not. All they want is all this road gore. Besides, it's really weird playing in the States—most places don't even give you the whole door, they just deal you a percentage. Then you get thrown on a bill with four other bands and nobody makes any money."

Okay, so any more Road Gore?

"In Hoboken, the Boss (that's Mister Springsteen to you) actually came up on stage and played a couple of Uriah Heep songs with us. I guess he was in the audience and mistook us for some sort of cover band... Anyway, we jammed all these godawful Heep tunes, but they sounded really rockin'."

It's a great story, Blake, but is it true?

"Well, I've been known to twist the odd fact around to boost my own self-worth..."

Blake also promised a mega-road-gore-tour story for this ish, but no such luck...

Speaking of Mega Tour Stories Department: Stay tuned for "The heaviest virgin tour story ever... next ish," says Brian of the recently completed tour *Broken Smile* did with SNFU.



Our monthly Hodads photo.

PHOTO: Sonja Chichak

Okay, I'll believe it when I see it. But it must've been fun since the band is trying to hook on to the upcoming Doughboys cross-Canada tour, and got at least one big gig in town because of their U.S. shows: "Fugazi phoned up and asked that we open for 'em here. They saw us with SNFU and thought we were rockin'. They're right, of course," says Brian. "But, wow, what a rock star thing, to have 'em ask for us like that."

Meantime, the band's going to be recording some new tracks: "We're recording with Mike Ampstad who just recorded the *Dyoxin* album and who's done live sound for *Megadeth*," says Brian. "We're not sure how many tunes or what studio, tho', that depends on what sort of budget we've got when we go in."

On The Brink Of Success After That Feature In Our Last Issue Department: The Hodads are being told that they're going places: "I just picked up the latest issue of *Music Express* and it says we're on

the brink of signing a major record deal," says Dan. "I wish somebody had told me about this."

Well, you know that music press—notably unreliable, if you ask me.

"We did get to do *Beau et Chaud* (Radio Quebec TV) again," says Dan. "It was Paul Pichet, René Simard and us. It was a lot of fun, playing with the house orchestra who were a bunch of old rockers who put away their synthesizers for our songs."

Also happening in Hodadland is a grant from MusiquePlus to do a video for *La Routine* to follow up their first vid, *Quand le Soleil*. Plus, look for the band doing a quick southern Ontario swing which Dan describes as "three nights in an ambulance." Sounds like an old Raquel Welch movie...

Band Happenings & Happening Bands: Boot Sauce have moved from non-existence to rumoured major label signing in a matter of about three months... The on-

...But Ya Don't Have Ta Call Me Mister

Dear Mr. Gott,

What is your fucking Magazine's Problem? Why do you bother hiring feminist sympathist faggots like Mike Letourneau who call themselves writers or even worse a "reviewer"? He completely turns off my band's set because he has a problem with Zanzibar Strip Club T-shirts. What an asshole. Strip clubs and rock 'n roll go hand in hand, so quite possibly Mike is in the wrong business. I would also like to add that my band is undisputably the best fucking rock band in T.O. (If not Canada). We blew Das Damen away that night because they suck! If Mike had listened past the first song he would have realized.

Anyway, here is a tape of (rough

mixes) six songs which will be released on record in 10 weeks. Decide for yourself. To finish off, you can say anything you want about me or my band but please spell the fucking name right (1 word): Blackglama!!

Thanks for nothing,
K.C. Blackglama

P.S. I dare anyone from your rag to interview me in person, but on my turf at my club any Wednesday night at midnight!

The Final Chapter (?)

Dear RearGarde,

(I hope we won't end up writing a book with this whole story)

I would like "Irina" to know that she had a point: Okay, maybe it's true, I have over frustrated myself about those sexist illustrations and I admit that she could have been right.

But she looked all lost when she mentioned the "non-rights of Iranian women".

Come on Irina, let's face the problems of our own country first, please!!

I don't know why you write against opinions like these because if *RearGarde* wouldn't want critiques from their readers, do you think they would consecrate a half-page of their paper to it?

Finally a little advice to you now, you should get rid of the anger in yourself too by letting everyone express themselves as they wish, we're still in a free country aren't we?

I hope so.

No hard feelings
Isa B.

For The Benefit Of...

Hi ya RearGarde,
I'm writing to extend my sincere

apologies for the pathetic turnout at the *RearGarde* Benefit. Okay, it wasn't pathetic but it should have been better considering all the great things people say about your mag and I, as a dedicated reader, have to agree with these people.

Unfortunately, these same people seem to have something solid stuffed up their asses that prevents them from going out and supporting something that is worth supporting. I don't know, I just think Montreal is a real apathetic kind of place unless your talking about a fuckin' Jazz festival that infests our streets every bloody year.

Anyhow, I'm just writing to say, keep the damn thing coming. It's a great looking magazine and does what no other magazine does, it supports the scene and God knows this scene needs all the support it can get.

An unstuffed derrière,
Joseph Peterson

Foreign Correspondance

Dear RearGarde,

After having been in Toronto in July and picking up your fabulous magazine at the Record Peddler you simply have to send it to me.

I really adore your paper. The interviews are great and especially On The Record is nice in an underdeveloped country like Denmark (at least when it comes too music).

To be introduced to lots of new bands as well as records is really needed cause there are very few bands playing in DK and very few magazines informing about bands and records.

Thank you for a beautiful magazine!
Christopher Rasmussen



BANNED INFO

again off-again **Huge Groove Experience** break-up seems to be on again. John's looking for a whole new band once again (and, yes, we'll try to publish a full page photo of you sometime soon, John)... **High Yellow**



DBC.

PHOTO: Chris Saletes

is reportedly splitsville... **Ripcordz** are having their record launch party for the modestly titled *Ripcordz: Are God* LP at Station 10 on the 30th after plating with the U.K. Subs at Fofounes on the 16th...

...if there's one issue of the **Montreal Mirror** that you're going to pick up, I hope it was the late August ish which included the Montreal Band Directory (a great idea, hopefully it'll grow as much as Toronto's *Now* directory has). 'Montreal's Premiere Cultural Tabloid' (or something like that) is also going weekly. Good luck fellow alter-

native pressers...

Touring Before The World Ends Department: Bliss are planning a cross-Canada tour for November. "We're going out to B.C. and back," says Iain. "We're also hoping to swing down through the American mid-West before it all turns into a desert," he concludes, mentioning something about David Suzuki and the Greenhouse Effect.

Their first tape release has been picked up for distribution by Cargo records and they have a second tape in the offing: "We have all the material ready," says Iain. "But we haven't got the songs together enough yet because Mik's been away in Churchill Falls looking for polar bears."

Don't ask for an explanation on this one, there isn't one.

It's A Heavy Metal Universe Department: Or speed metal, or thrash metal, or death metal, or progrsso metal, or metal metal, or something like that. Anyhow, DBC's second album, *Universe*, is in the stores. Yes, in Canadian stores and not at import prices: "It's been out a while in the States now and we've already sold 12,000 copies," says Gerry. "In Canada, it's getting released on WEA this month. First we were on WEA, then we were off, and now we're on again—I guess they're not really used to our type of music. They're possibly releasing the first album, too, though it's already available free on the *Universe* CD."

Any Road Gore stories?

"We visited the Pabst brewery in Milwaukee—definitely the highlight of any tour," says Gerry of the recent three-week swing down into the land of the beer. "We also visited the zoo in Oshkosh Wisconsin,

and saw the lunar eclipse at lake Kalamazoo—what a party." Or was that lake Oshkosh?—my shorthand ain't what it once was. Well, you get the idea. "It's four buck for a two-four and \$10 for a half-gallon of gin."

Oh yeah, the tour: "We did eleven shows, from playing to 35 people in Pittsburgh to 425 people in Providence. And we played with the **Bad Brains** in Long Island... They're the greatest band in the universe."

Brink Of Success Department: "This is it. It's great. Record companies have been calling us up all week," says Mike of the **War Brides** of their second six-song demo. "Okay, well maybe not. But the tape sounds really good and we'll be doing our demo release at La Terasse this month with **One Free Fall**."

The demo was recorded at Studio Ardent in Pointe Claire—a place that's been doing a lot of business lately. "It's a small 8-track studio, but it's got a great sound," says Mike. "A lot of West Island bands have recorded there and got a really good sound. The Doughboys have done some pre-production work there as well, if that means anything."

The War Brides are heading down to Slithers in Toronto as well: "Anything to get out of the Station 10-Tycoon endless circuit," says Mike. And, speaking of the Tycoon, they'll be doing a "power in numbers" show there with **Portable Ethnic Taxi**, **Beyond Black** and **The Janissaries** on the 8th.

Another Chance To Be Immortalized on Vinyl Department: Mike from the War Brides is currently trying to put together a cooperative effort of 12 to 14 Montreal

Music Festering

The New Music Seminar is back. After some initial problems with sponsorship which delayed it from the Spring until early November, the fest is back (like they say) bigger and better than ever.

"Right now we're up to about 16 shows, with the possibility of adding a few more," says organizer Duncan McTavish. "We have concerts planned for Club Soda, Fofounes and Café Campus—three of the city's foremost music venues all with capacities of over 400 people. We're hoping to include some smaller venues for next year's festival, but we don't want to spread the festival too thin and have bands travel across the country to play in front of 30 or 40 people."

Out-of-towners is one way in which the festival is expanding this year, says McTavish: "Last year we had five bands from outside the city. This year we're featuring one out-of-town band in each show along with two Montreal bands. We've got bands coming from across Canada and the U.S. and we're even negotiating with a couple of Australian bands."

However, this won't lessen the opportunities for locals to play.

"Each show has one established Montreal band and one lesser-known band opening up," says McTavish. "We started out as a showcase for up-and-coming local bands, and we haven't forgotten that. We pride ourselves on giving bands a lot of public and media exposure—this year our media list is over 350 names long."

The fest is back on track now with the sponsorship of the local St. Ambrose brewery. "They've allowed us to expand our promotions, and our promotions staff, and they've shown a genuine interest in putting together a successful show," says McTavish. "It's a new market for them, but you can start supporting them now instead of waiting for the shows."

It's all happening the first two weeks of November. Look for a complete schedule in the next issue of *RearGarde*.



Condition at last year's fest.

PHOTO: Ian Chuprun



Asexuals.

PHOTO: Sonja Chichak

5

bands for a compilation album. It's designed to showcase mostly lesser-known (but rawkin') Montreal bands, with a few better known acts thrown in to convince you skeptical folks out there to lay down your bucks. Since we neglected to get an address from him, anyone interested can send tapes c/o *RearGarde* and we'll forward 'em to Mike. (And if you want a 'For Cassettes Only' review, please send two copies).

Well, that's about it for this month. If you've got information, bribes, propaganda, beer, pictures, beer, press releases, beer or beer... um, or imported beer, please send it down to us at *RearGarde*, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal H3G 2N4. And, oh yeah, *Banned Info* was compiled once again by Paul Gott and J.D. Head from the *RearGarde* wired services.

YNYNYNYNYNYNYN
YNYNYNYNYNYNYN

By Raoul

Hello and welcome to N.Y., N.Y., a very polluted, crowded uptight city. So uptight we had to name it twice.

One of the biggest trends right now is noise. If you are smart, you'll turn your amp to eleven and wear black before you play a gig in N.Y.C., dye your hair and pretend that you are strung out on heroin and remember your music must Kick Ass!

There is also a large portion of the music population that considers themselves originators of all types of stylish music these days. There is always a guy at any given venue that says he "alternately tuned guitars before Lee Renaldo (Sonic Youth) was in his diapers."

With that out of my system let us discuss some music. I caught Fish and Roses at the Bog (a wonderful club which is now closed) and they were delightful. The drummer is just completely in touch with playing inside the music, not inside the meter. The bass compliments the music so well, you're glad they have no guitarist. Buy the record on *Homestead*.

Woodpecker played at the Pyramid Club (great club, mushy sound) and they were tight. They have a sound that is to the point with song-writing a grade above average. The sound blends with harmonies, guitar groundwork, distorted cello, and gunslinging trombone. Their record is on *PNYM records* which will be a bitch to get in Canada but it's worth a try.

Go out and buy the new Pussy Galore album on *Caroline records* from New York. Each album sold puts money into the pocket of Bob Bert, who is not only a very talented drummer, but a very nice guy. What more can you ask for?

Watch out for indie N.Y. record companies who are not making money off the Tompkins square riot, of which I will not mention.

That's all for this month and remember the New Music Seminar was a good idea, but now it's an arena for lawyers and businessmen (music biz) to show off their new toys.

SCENE STIR

by Debra Jackson

Jimmy Demic is Back! Torn between domestic life and the rock&roll lifestyle, Jimmy Demic had decided against regrouping with his old bandmates, hence last month's report that he would be replaced in the reforming Demics by "have drums will travel" Steve G. who had conveniently just left **Blackglama**. Now however, due to pressure from promoters, the old Demic line-up will remain unchanged.

In other "line-up" news... **Zap City** have zapped singer Sammy for—gasp!—smoking a joint... Sammy's gaggle of girl groupies (Lisa-Lisa, Debbie, Nadine...) find themselves somewhat saddened by this news. Some say Sammy was the reason for this band's popularity. What I wanna know is what Sam's gonna do with the leather jacket he had printed with the band's logo. So now Zap City are onto their third songer. All we know about this new guy is his name is Ken and he works in a Yonge Street record store (but then who doesn't?).

I did hear that Ken is considering tattooing Zap City on his arm. Ouch. Could be dangerous. Especially since drummer Rob Cazes told me about a rehearsal the boys had sans singer at which they all took turns up at the mike—apparently it worked out pretty well. I have seen guitarist Richard sing with **Succsess** at the **Siboney** and **Blackglama** at the **Slither** and I must say he did a pretty good job. And speaking of Richard (and tatoos), he had his mother's name tattooed on his arm...

Now that Zap City have opened for **Sylvain Sylvain** and **Johnny Thunders**, (both ex-New York Dolls), Richard tells me they're looking forward to playing with **Buster Poindexter**... In the meantime they've scrapped their demos featuring Sammy on vocals and will be recording with Ken in the near future.

Further recording news: **Breeding Ground** have recorded an album scheduled for a September release. In the meantime look for singer John Sherif at the **Crown 2**, slingin' beer... **Basic English** are in the studio recording an album for WEA. They're planning a January release... **April Storm** have recorded a 3-song demo tape... Members of **Shock Hazard**, who finished third in this year's Q107 Homegrown Contest, hint that the contest could be fixed...

The Pursuit of Happiness must be doing fairly well if weight gain is any sign of an artist's success... actually it's gotta be all those backstage deli trays. I understand that the band isn't paying themselves as they try to get out from under this huge debt to producer Todd Rundgren—personally I think they were better off with Bill Kennedy behind the

dials... Bill Kennedy—the guy thanked on more Toronto recordings than Danny Lanois...

Writer **Donna Lypchuk** (*Metropolis*) has finished editing the filmed version of her play *Tragedy of Manners*. The play, directed by Clarke Rogers of Rochdale High fame, centers on Queen Street West, in and around the **Cameron**. In performance it featured such locals as Donny Cartwright (**The Razorbacks**), Keith Whitaker (**The Demics**), Sahara Spracklin, B. Bob, Runt (he's the guy that painted Lee's Palace), even me *naked*... portraying such local luminaries as Steve Johnson (**Bunchofuckingoofs**), Molly Johnson (no relation—I think... she did used to have a song about him...), Handsome Ned and more. Loop for a fall screening at the **Rivoli**.

Bumped into **Donny Cartwright** early one morning as he was searching for the passport office. Asked how the band was doing... "Alright... playing a few gigs in England... if we were doing really well you'd know about it... I'm just glad it's paying the rent..."

Sahara Spracklin is considering a move out of her **Black Bull** digs 'cause there are too many vendors taking over not only the sidewalk but the doorway.

Artist Adly Gawad highly recommends seeing **Attila Richard Lukacs'** show at the **Power Plant**.

Club news: Mike Tyson hit the **Big Bop** on Caribana Eve... Upstairs the **El Mocambo** has reopened. Succsess seem to think they reopened the joint but the **Byrds** beat them by one night. According to the new owners, booking duties will be shared by CPI, The Garys, Elliott Levkoe, Shaun Pilot, Danny K., and Joanne Smale. Like wow or what.

The Ballingers (Boom Boom Boom) are opening a new club on Duncan Street right across from StLife... Seems there is talk of assassination concerning the owners of **The Empire**... New Paint Jobs: **The Apocalypse**. **The Cameron**.

Seems to me the Hard Rock Cafe should change its name to Soft Rock—especially since D.J. Vania (Sgt. Rocks) was kicked out for wearing ripped jeans. Does this happen in New York?

Tribute band **Runs in Your Hoses** (guess who they're a tribute to...) has splintered into two clone bands so now Toronto also boasts **Sons of Guns**.

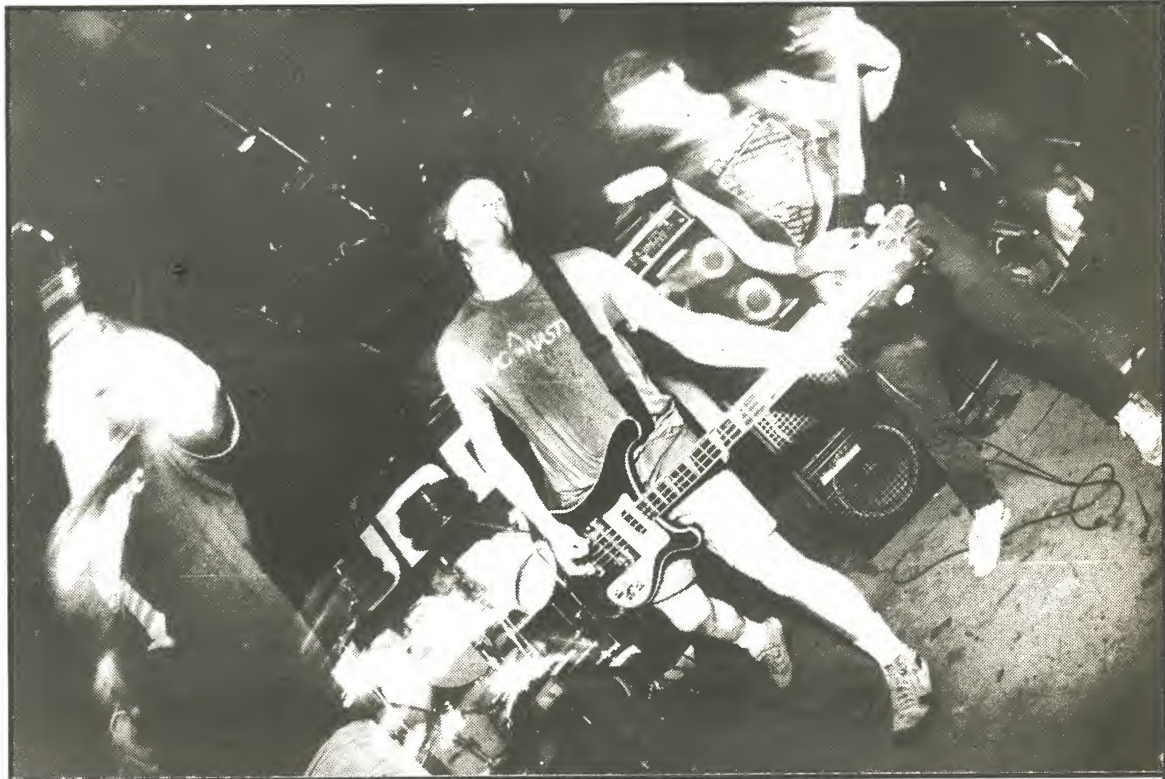
Paul Bishop (ex-**Blackglama**, **Youth Youth Youth**) is now playing bass with **The Remains**.

Anyways, I'm off to Vancouver to check out the scene... Next month I'll let you know if there's anything worth mentioning... In the meantime, if you're dying to hear every band in town talkin' 'bout themselves—loudly—hang out at **The Stem** on Queen and Spadina... And don't feel bad about eavesdropping—obviously these cats are desperate for attention.

So let's talk letters.
We like 'em.

So send us your kudos, your complaints, your criticisms and your witticisms. But mostly, just send us your beer.

RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421,
Station H, Montreal,
H3G 2N4.



The New Sudden Impact.

PHOTO: Rob Ben.

T.O.

Mutterings

Gone: Word has it that Alistair, one time bassist of **No Mind/Superfly** whose abilities extend "beyond words" is leaving Toronto onto bigger and better things. Is he really joining Dave and the rest of **MDC**? Has Alistair already invested in a new wardrobe? Will he even think of wearing that gawdy print dress that he wore at No Mind's last show with MDC? Even though every one has seen it already? Is Dave MDC worried that their tastes in ladies fashions will clash? It's only rock'n'roll. Best of luck Alistair.

More Questions: Could it be true? Are local heavies **Rocktopus** truly calling it quits, breaking up? Could one fat lip be the end of the mighty rock'n'roll machine?

Rotate: Another switch. This time around **Degenerate Youth** lose their singer **Heath**, getting "Gumby" Al "The Loser" to fill the hole. Al, ex of the way **Descendents**ish **Five Foot Nothing** describes their new sound as "power popping loser music", and if you know Al then the songs are probably about girls and how much they hate him. Oh yeah, they've changed their name to **Deep End** too.

Worth Your While: Sing Along With Tonto opened up for biggies **Faith No More** a while back. Supposedly these boys are ex-**Death Militia** if you can imagine that. Definitely hot. **Red Hot Chili Peppers** type thing. Yes, yes. Very good. And definitely

worth your while. One question remains: what are they doing playing **Rock'n'Roll Heaven** and why, oh why, are they playing under some **Guns and Roses** wannabes? Check them out.

What's this?: Is a certain member of **Missing Link** planning a move to Montreal to pick up duties in a prominent band there—is another member in a prominent band of Montreal also planning a move? This one, alone and to **Moosejaw** to meditate. What's up with Link?

Speaking of Which: Is the **Jailhouse Rock** room at Toronto's cheesiest leather n' spandex-cover bands nightly bar **Rock 'n' Roll Heaven** the new hangout of the stars? Were there more members of prominent local bands caught lounging on the leather couches of the room than one could shake a stick at? Who are these underground music outlaws, and why are they attracted to chrome so much? Indie deviants? Leather couches and video monitors with a private bar and air conditioning. Where were **Sonic Youth** anyway?

Never Mind the Buttocks: Voodoo Dollies for those who don't know are some ex-of early eighties homeboys **Direct Action**. Xeroxed flyers are probably the most commercially viable way for bands to promote their shows in this city. A while back **Zap City** almost went to the hoosegow on charges of vandalism for posterizing Hogtown. So posterizing is a touchy subject to say the least. With the city on one side, and hawk-eyed feminist, socialist, whatever, NOW magazine reader types on the other, the flyer of the month, possibly the year, goes to **Voodoo Dollies**, these guys proudly displayed flyers depicting rather large naked female buttocks (that's ass to you and me) full on. Everywhere. Sure to piss off the city and all feminists everywhere. It's only rock and roll.

Home Again: **Sudden Impact** have returned from their two week tour of the east coast of Canada, heading all the way out to Saint John's Newfoundland which happens to be their new singer

Chris' stomping ground.

Good Food: Are local rockers and longtime legends now on Enigma Records **Forgotten Rebels** mounting a mammoth tour? Will the door price be an incredibly low two dollars? Are they really touring with a completely unknown, unheard-of band called **Nachos Cheese**? Who are Nachos Cheese? Yes, somebody knows...ask the pretty girl at the merchandise counter of, once again, **Rock 'n' Roll Heaven**.

Goods: Local metal outfit **Overthrow** have just released a demo cassette on the absolutely spanking new **Epidemic** label. Ultra high quality full colour packaging makes it hard to believe it's only a demo. And it's ever produced by you -know-who. How could it get any better than this? I don't know. Good good job. Yes.

Sex and Drugs: Yes, you guessed it. It's rock'n'roll. Forget day jobs, waiting, or even colorization for the matter. If you play in a band and you need bread on the table the answer is drugs. Yup. Drugs are the job of choice for many local musicians of late. Bu wait. It's not what you think. Seems that certain people in certain bands prefer to sign over their bodies and act as human guinea pigs rather than wipe down tables. One weekend in a government lab, they'll pump you full of something, give you free pizza, pay TV and video, and a fist full of brown notes. Not bad at all, or so I'm told. Fas cash, and as one band member proudly gloated, "I'm pushing forward the known boundaries of knowledge." Yeah, right. It's only rock and roll.

Quotables:

"That guy needs to do some serious sit-ups" -H.R. of **Bad Brains** on Simon of **Rocktopus**

"Hardcore people are too shallow. That's why I'm getting into speed metal" -anonymous

Oh yeah, I almost forgot, the biggest and mostest thanks to **Rocktopus**, **Rise** the killer **Strate Jackets**, and **Tent o Miracles** for the fun that was had at the RG benefit. Yes, thank you.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen



So we were lounging around our luxurious downtown NDG (the Centre of the Universe) offices when what should pop through the mail slot but this obvious attempt at propaganda by the Dik Van Dykes. Just how do we deal with this bit of media manipulation? Why, we print it, of course...

Hello Rear Garde. Stu from Hamilton's Dik Van Dykes here. I was just sitting around the pad here, leafing through some old issues of the world's greatest music rag, hoping that if I opened a case of Amstel, you would come busting through my door begging for a cold beer and a chat. I've been doing this for six months now, only to come the realization that you ain't coming, we ain't talking, and that my liver hates me. So I decided to do an interview by myself, using questions that you asked METALLICA in a recent issue. This is how it went, and boy did you get drunk!

RearGarde: What has been the group's reaction to the whole Grammy thing?

Stu: Well, it was a huge honour not to be nominated in the first place. It was the highest honour we've ever had. To not win the thing made us even more honoured. The Grammy people were great. They asked us not to play and we were so honoured we said sure, we won't play. It was a big thing for us not to play our kind of music on that kind of show. When they announced on the show that we agreed not to play, it was crazy. A big roar came from the crowd. Joe Cocker, Stevie Wonder and Quincy Jones went "Holy Shit" that's cool.

RearGarde: How's the tour going?

Stu: Great! So far we done about three dates and only spent \$14 on gas. There were only three shows that weren't too good, but the rest have been right in there. For us, that's about as successful as it gets. Most tours do OK, so we're an exception I guess.

RearGarde: With all the media attention you're getting from the album, are you personally satisfied with it?

Stu: You betcha! Every time we actually get something on vinyl, it's a huge accomplishment for us. Our first record was 15 years in the making. To get our second one finished in 2 days was more our style. Next time we'll really do it right though... we won't do it at all. After that, I think things will really start happening for us.

RearGarde: Was there anything specific?

Stu: Well, what I like about the record is that it sounds equally bad on everybody's stereo. Not just Bob Rich Guy's, who has the \$40,000 Nakamichi set-up. No, this sucker plays just as bad on an old Eaton's Viking. I guess it turned out just the way we wanted it.

RearGarde: What about your former band, Flotsam & Jetsam? Are you still doing gigs with them?

Stu: I never actually played with that group. I offered to help them out a while back but they said "No Way!" I think they made the right decision. I did sort of play in this other group though! We called ourselves the Civil Radicals. Pat Havoc from the Wet Spots was our lead singer. We got dropped from Elektra when they found out we didn't have any instruments. It's funny because I couldn't play drums then and

I can't now. Stevie from our group joined us after a few line-up changes, but we had to disband soon after because girls in Buffalo just weren't falling for that schtick any more!

RearGarde: How was the transition from F & J to Metallica? How did you get along with the other members? Have there been any rough times or initiations?

Stu: First off, I told you I never played with F & J, but I guess you weren't listening. As far as Metallica is concerned, we're not speaking at the moment. I play in the Dik Van Dykes. If you were to ask me about them, I could tell you that we get along great considering we don't like each other. But then again, you weren't asking. Concerning the initiation question you weren't asking, I can tell you we don't do that sort of thing. Being a member is one long initiation. But they do keep asking me to kill myself by sticking my head in a hot air popcorn maker. Another time, I couldn't make it for a photo shoot. They replaced me with an empty pizza box. That damned pizza box still plays better than I do.

RearGarde: Should Elvis be pardoned? Should James Brown get a stamp before Buddy Holly? (did I get this question right?) (In the great cosmic quagmire we seem to be in at the moment, does it really matter?—ed.)

Stu: If I've heard you correctly, yes. Elvis should be pardoned. The man is dead, isn't that enough for you people? For give and forget, Please, that's what I say. As far as James Brown is concerned, I say Yes! Anybody who can outrun the fuzz over two state lines on a set of hubcaps deserves a stamp. I don't agree with what he did but as a godfather, he scares me. Anyway, Mojo Nixon deserves a stamp before any of these guys.

RearGarde: You helped write one song on the album. Do you often contribute to the writing?

Stu: Dik does the majority of the writing, but once in a while, he lets us pretend that we can do it too. Blurt wrote a couple of non-hits for Waste-MOR-Vinyl. Stevie and myself had the original concept for *Lost in Space*. Of course, we had titled it *Heavy Metal Death Song*. Boy, were we wrong. Dik took one look and said, "Nice try, guys, with a little work we may have something." The man is a genius. Nobody ever listens, though, so who cares who writes them?

RearGarde: Everyone's favourite senators' wives? The PMRC?

Stu: I don't understand them at all! They blacklist a lot of wholesome Heavy Metal groups, yet they continue to endorse our records. Can't they see what we're doing to kids' minds? We are totally misunderstood by those people. For God's sake, even Reagan phoned to congratulate us after our album release party. I heard he was a closet socialist!

RearGarde: Do kids take any of that Satanism crap seriously?

Stu: I don't think so! Mind you, we've been told to "go to Hell" on more than one occasion. Usually happens when we ask to get paid.

RearGarde: How does it feel to be Top 40?

Stu: Since we all got our breast enlargements, I don't mind telling you it's been a strain on our backs. It's been

easier for the girls, though. They've been dealing with things like this a lot longer than the guys. I try not to pay any notice to all the attention we're getting. I find it very difficult walking by a construction site, though.

RearGarde: How long before the next album?

Stu: To be honest with you, I don't know. I guess it's just a matter of sales figures. If folk keep buying this stuff, I'm sure we can keep pumping it out. It's not that difficult, you know. Anyone can be in a band, and Lord knows we've proven that. We wouldn't have it any other way. Now if we could only pay our debts...

RearGarde: From *Garage Days Revisited to Justice* to the next. Where's the progression going?

Stu: Actually, our first record was called *Nobody Likes* and our second is called *Waste-MOR-Vinyl*. I don't know what our next record will be called. I'd like to call it *Buddy Sorel* 'cause he was funny and we're not. As far as progression is concerned, we will continue the Ramones/Cramps philosophy: "Give them what they want." Why should we change? We like what we do and so do some others. We keep a lot of bands in business by being what we are. People will say, "What's shaikin' tonight... oh, the Diks are playing... shit, let's go see somebody else instead."

RearGarde: There are a couple of punk bands that have come out in the last year or so who are obviously listening to you.

Stu: Well, I don't think they're actually listening to us. On the other hand, we would like to think that by just being a band, we inspired a lot of other cool groups to get going. You have to remember where we come from. This area around Hamilton is a hotbed of cool music. Kevin from *Heimlich Manoeuvre* is a close friend. He has gone on record saying he started his group because he saw we could make money. Dave and Pete from the *Wet Spots* were an example of two musicians sitting around not doing much when Mo got the idea to start the group. The *Wet Spots* are hot, they just needed a little push. We're all great friends. They were too good not to be playing in a band. That goes for a lot of other groups. Like I said, anyone can play, just get started and make sure you have fun. You won't make any money so at least have fun! As far as actually influencing these bands, are you serious?

RearGarde: Are you having fun?

Stu: You bet! We had more fun before but it's still okay. The thing is, half the band is married, some even to each other. I think the long term plan is for Blurt to marry Sarah Pop Tart. Then, they can dump me and Stevie so the rest could go on as an Abba cover band. Maybe we could stay on as the rhythm section but we were never any good at that before, so why should things change now?

RearGarde: Damn right man, but you don't have to say it.

Stu: Sorry, man, sorry.

Bonus Rear Garde Question: What flavour of ice cream would you like to be?

Stu: Lime Sherbet. The way I see it, anything edible that's the same colour as Dik's leisure suits is ultra-cool.

Interview self-inflicted.

15 • UK Subs
16 • Chris & Cosey
22-23 • Mink DeVille
29 • John Stewart of the
legendary Kingston Trio
30 • Dead Milkmen (Enigma
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14 **24 GONE**

**11 HAPPY
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16 **U K SUBS**
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17 **CKUT PARTY**

19 **WRATH of GRAPES**

21 **SLAUGHTER + REACTOR**

22 from England

POP WILL EAT ITSELF

23 **TRAFFIC D'INFLUENCE + MIRIODOR**

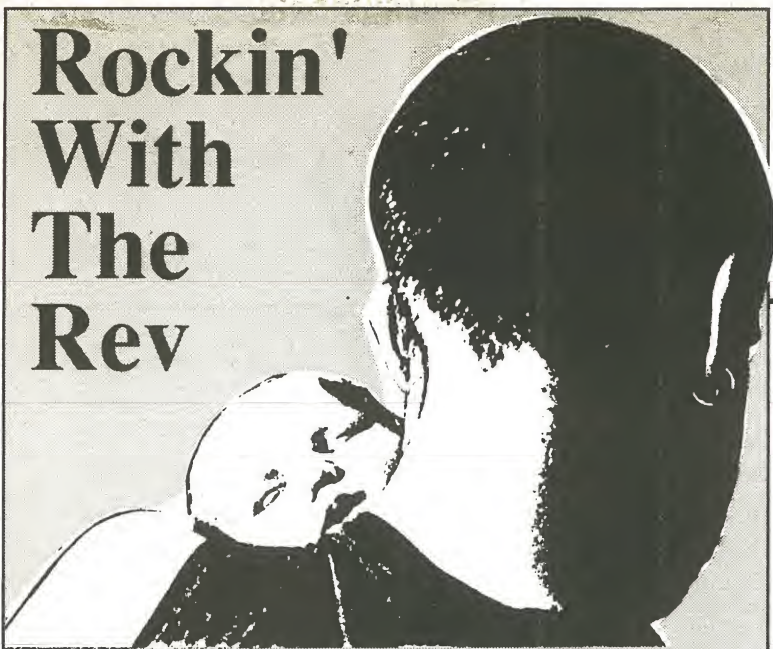
25 **HAPPY MONDAY**

27 **Jr GONE WILD**

29 **DBC** **BIG BANG PARTY**
universal RECORD LAUNCH

30 **TETRAULT COTE ZICO**

Rockin' With The Rev



Hi friends. You know, the ol' Rev here has seen many inspirational sights in His time, but the most inspiring was seen on His recent pilgrimage to the Land of UK. You know, UK is a truly wonderful place. Everybody there talks funny, drinks lots of tea, and are polite to each other all the time. Just like Heaven. But I digress. There the Rev was, standing in the airport shortly after arrival, wiping the hot asphalt of his scalded lips, and wondering just how the heck the Big Guy from the Vatican never manages to kiss fresh concrete. Suddenly, there wafted through the air the most magnificent sounds. Twirling around, the Rev saw a most divine sight. Down the hall there strode a whole Paradisal Procession of bermuda shorts, hawaiian shirts, fluorescent green and orange socks puking up all over the place, shopping bags filled to the heavens with Mickey Mouses (Mickey Mice?), and during this Sight For Sore Eyes, the whole crowd sang "Rule Britannia". This just goes to show all you plebs out there that the good Lord is still hanging around, and boy does He have one mighty fine sense of humour.

This whole episode, dramatic as it might have been, just serves to guide us to Rev Bob's Sermon from the Mount: "The Whys, Wherefores, and Overviews of Underwear According to The Big Guy in the Sky".

See, friends, the Land of UK used to be a Mighty Empire, which stretched from one point in UK to another point a mighty fine distance away. One day the One Who Is To Be Obeyed decided that UK had to Pay Pittance. Ever try to Pay Pittance? First, you have to Find Pittance, and then when you've found her, it's still hard 'cos she doesn't accept major credit cards. But I digress.

Today, UK is filled with Mickey Mouse devotees wearing those Skintight Bicycle Shorts which look Stupid on Everyone. See, if the Good Lord had wanted people to wear these things, He would have put Sexual Agents of Seed in a different place, like on the top of the head. Then, when all you Sexual Perverts out there try to show off all those Unholy bulges and curves, you'd have to stick these skintight shorts over your head, resulting in painful death by suffocation, which is more than you deserve, you Cretinous Slimebuckets. But I digress.

The ol' Rev can just see all you rock 'n rollers out there wondering just what the heck this all has to do with this month's sermon. Simple. The one custom the citizens of UK have clung on to throughout these Days of Tribulation is Clean Underwear. And this is Good. As it has been written, "If thine mine and undergarments are clean and fresh, then thou ist doing Right Good." *Jacob 4:34.*

Ever been to a rock'n'roll concert and been so Filled with Awe and Respect that you suddenly feel the urge to, in the words of The Book, "Cast thyself naked in the image of the Lord," and throw your undergarments at the band? Happens all the time. And you know, there's nothing a band member loves more than to be in the midst of rock'n'roll nirvana and suddenly have someone's fundyundies thrust in their face. And you know, friends, the only thing which can ruin this truly Fun Thing is if the aforementioned Act of Servitude involves Dirty Unmentionables.

You know, if you think about it, this whole thing is Pretty Stupid. Who the heck wants to Uncover Thyself in the Eyes of the Lord, in a Stinking Den of Iniquity? Instead, here's Rev Bob's Handy Dandy Guide to Doing Things the Right Way. Go to your department store, and head straight for the Unmentionables Department. If you get lost, don't bother to ask for directions, 'cos you'll look real stupid asking someone where's the unmentionables. They won't tell you anything 'cos they can't mention it. But I digress.

Pick out your favourite ensemble, making sure to match the colour of the garment with the colour of your hair. You can always tell a poseur Handydandyfundyundowner if there's no colour co-ordination happening. Then, go home and douse the whole kitandkaboodle in your favourite scented liquid. Keep in mind your respective band idols. If its an industrial band, just go to Baie Comeau and douse 'em in p.c.b.'s. The band'll love you. But, for all you plebs out there who just can't make up your mind—go for Patch-Oolee Oil. Like the old saying goes, "If it's good enough for Madonna, it's good enough for anyone." Then, when you go to your favourite Pit Of Sin for an evening of Fun Stuff, jam the Whole Mess in a bag, and at the appropriate moment, Fling With Glee and Have Fun. You know, it all sounds Too Good To Be True, but folks, The Fun Never Ends.

Well, friends, have you ever noticed that even during the hottest Dog Days of Summer, that people still wear black all the time? Yup, People are Stupid. Amen.

PHOTO: (Top) Rob Ben;
(Text photos) Shawn Scallen

BAD



As you all may well know, Bad Brains was in our fair city recently, and I—forever grateful to my wonderful editors for allowing me this honour—interviewed lead "Brain" H.R. in some back room that is used, no doubt, for hush-hush Rialto stuff. Many in the pre-show line-up felt that this was the show of the year and were itching to view the band that so many people have crowned the world's best hardcore/punk band.

Bad Brains, from what I've heard and know, has tried to get a gig in Montreal for something like the past three years now, all unsuccessful attempts. H.R. (a/k/a Rasta Joseph I) explains that it's not all visa trouble as rumoured.

"There's a lot involved in putting on shows in Canada. There are different reasons why it didn't work out on the time frame. It's not really visas. A lot of times it's mostly expenses because it's very expensive getting up here. There's transportation; we have to rent out transportation or buy it. Then there's accommodations, food, equipment, all these things have to be dealt with properly. To get all that organised, the band has to be together too, or in the same area, because we are in other groups as well. So it has to be organised."

H.R. and brother Earl Hudson are in a band called H.R., Human Rights while the other half of the band, Dr. Know and Darryl lead a band called Me and I. The forming of these bands gave the media a field-day in announcing that Bad Brains were no more. But in reality, these bands are considered side projects.

"These bands allowed us room and space to be more creative. There were some things I wanted to do in Human Rights that I really, at the time, didn't have the space to do. I didn't want to impose or impress my personal approach on the other members."

"We always tried to keep a free flowing rhythm and vibration between the group members, so the forming of Human Rights gave me the chance to do that."

These branches of the Bad Brains tree have been relatively successful in the States, through I doubt they're as well-known around here. So why reunite?

H.R. giggles at this question and humbly answers that there is a large demand for Bad Brains and they're trying to fill the request.

Bad Brains originates from Washington DC, and not in New York as so many people are led to believe (their booking agent is based in NY). H.R. still lives in Washington while two other members live in New Jersey and

BAD



the fourth in Chicago. I think. At the time, the tape recorder was turned off and I'm writing this completely from my failing memory, so don't quote me.

In those early years on the streets of Washington, the fellows of Bad Brains were turned on by the music of the Sex Pistols, the Clash, the Damned and "the whole new surge of bands in the late '70s and early '80s following the alternative explosion."

They started out as a hardcore band, but it was H.R.'s growing interest in reggae and the Rastafarian religion that prompted them to mix the driving power of hardcore with the mellower beats of reggae. Mixing these two extremes and achieving huge success in the underground scene, it seems the band is still suppressed by the media.

"I think that has a lot to do with the group having such an unpredictable playing time. Sometimes we play for an hour and sometimes we play for a minute. They can't really predict what we're going to do so it makes people cautious about saying or doing certain things with the band. They want to make sure that that's what's actually gonna happen. We've been consistent at being unpredictable," he laughs and gives me a mischievous wink. "So that has a lot to do with it too."

This tour, which started off last week in New York, is part of a two to three month tour where they will play only two other Canadian cities: Ottawa and Toronto. It's a tour to promote their new album due out in stores soon entitled, *With the Quickness*. It's not a live album, as rumoured, although

there was a live album released about half a year ago on SST records which H.R. thinks is only available through mail order for Canadian audiences. (Actually, it's available through Cargo Records—ed.)

Many have said that their new album has a more metal edge, and reviews are going on about how it is a fine disc indeed, hailing Bad Brains as the "Michael Jackson of hardcore", instead of comparing them to other "white" hardcore bands.

H.R. thinks it's okay and he says with all seriousness that "No



one really knows the purpose or mission, or to what extent one goes in life. They only approach it, or see how much God permits them to see, so I don't really live by the expectations of others. It's not really for me to judge them although they're judging me. 'Cos two wrongs don't make a right, you know what I mean?"

It's obvious through their song lyrics and this interview that Bad Brains are devout Rastafarians and have a strong belief in God. H.R. is very articulate, down-to-earth

(not putting on any superstar pretensions one might expect from a member of a band of this caliber) and soft-spoken. He seems very proud of being Rastafarian and answered all the questions this agnostic put to him quite patiently. I couldn't help but ask how he feels about so many people opting for dreadlocks who are not rastas, and about the popular rasta custom of smoking ganja.

"Well, it's ok," he muses before continuing. "It's a step in the right direction. Whatever manifests on the spirit has to

manifest itself on the flesh and vice versa... meaning if they're not dealing with Jah, then they won't keep the dreads for long. If it's a style then ok, so be it. Then eventually the fad will fade out and they'll comb it or cut it. It won't be able to stay there if it's not real."

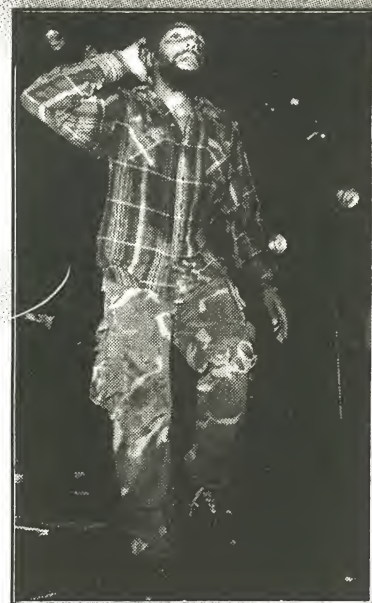
"I can only say that God speaks of herb in the Bible. He gave herbs for the services of mankind. So if God gave it to Man, then it's for man not to abuse it and seek out its additional purposes to help man. But some people don't do that—they sell it, they promote it, they exploit marijuana on such a large scale that it becomes a racket, an illegal strain on people so that it brings about a negative reaction. At the same time, for other people, it keeps food on the table, it keeps them alive because they wouldn't have other ways to survive. We have to survive and God gave us the herbs as the healers of the nations. That's what God says in the last days of time, that there would be a plant, a healer of the nations, and I feel that's marijuana. But it's really ashame that we have to go through all this."

We chat some more about rasta beliefs and customs but I was practically being ushered out. I had time to plug in one last question which I'm not going to print, otherwise someone is going to be kind of upset, but I'll give you a hint: It was a DBC question and it had to do with H.R.'s memory failure.

Interview conducted by Miss Wendy.

9

BRAINS



one really knows the purpose or mission, or to what extent one goes in life. They only approach it, or see how much God permits them to see, so I don't really live by the expectations of others. It's not really for me to judge them although they're judging me. 'Cos two wrongs don't make a right, you know what I mean?"

It's obvious through their song lyrics and this interview that Bad Brains are devout Rastafarians and have a strong belief in God. H.R. is very articulate, down-to-earth

(not putting on any superstar pretensions one might expect from a member of a band of this caliber) and soft-spoken. He seems very proud of being Rastafarian and answered all the questions this agnostic put to him quite patiently. I couldn't help but ask how he feels about so many people opting for dreadlocks who are not rastas, and about the popular rasta custom of smoking ganja.

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Interview conducted by Miss Wendy.

10

MUSICIANS

Lead singer with experience looking for a guitarist, bassist and drummer to form a Punk Rock band. Influences are: Crass, Ramones, UK Subs, etc.. Call Maerc, after 4pm at: (514) 353-1508. c3

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Musicians wanted for interesting pop band. Influences: Bauhaus, Love and Rockets, Cure, Kate Bush. West Island area, aged 18-25 preferred. Call A.J. at (514) 633-9956 after 7 pm, Serious calls only. c3

Drummer and bassist of a recently broken-up hardcore band seek a lead singer

and guitarist. Influences are 7 Seconds, Verbal Assault and Alternative Inuit. Call Alex at (514) 620-6537. c1

Gene Cutter seeking a lyricist/vocalist to do original material, 20-25 yrs old. Influences, REM, the Smiths, Echo and the Bunnymen and Mighty Lemon Drops. Call Tony Between 5-6pm at (514) 842-1608. c2

Innovative bass player seeking female vocalist, imaginative drummer and percussionist to form industrial band. Phone (514) 271-7109. c1

Bassist and guitarist (with backup vocals) needed to form original band. Influences: Northern Pikes, Grapes of Wrath. Call (514) 253-1188 after 8 PM. c1

Looking for members to form a band, only real necessity is to be serious. Call Martin (514) 272-8353. c1

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CLASS ADS

GRAPHIC: FRANK LINTZEN

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Complete Westbury drum set for sale. \$250.00. Call Alain (514) 286-8996. c3

Motion Picture Purgatory compilation of cartoons from RearGarde and the Montreal Mirror. \$4.95 post-paid (money order) from Rick Trembles, P.O. Box 693, Tour de la Bourse, H4Z 1J9. c1

Ripcordz. "Elvis Death Cult" T-shirts. 3-colour front. 2-sided. \$10 post-paid from Paul Gott c/o RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, H3G 2N4. c1

Guitar, strat copy. MCI Intertek s/s 1000. \$150. Phone Perry at (514) 931-2752. c1



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Know what? MDC, Henry Rollins Band, Buttholes, Doughboys, Nominad, Problem Children, Scream, Killdozer wear Fail-Safe t-shirts. You can too. **WHY? GET LOST!** Where? Dutchy's. Fail-Safe, P.O. Box 5295, Succ. B, Montreal, H3B 4B5. c1

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Various Montreal and B.C. hardcore and punk records. Genetic Control, Asexuals, Nomeansno, etc. Trade or cash. Also live and demo tapes wanted. Frank (514) 934-6367. c3

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American Devices looking for a band with a van to tour the globe with. Phone Rick Trembles at 288-9071. c1

Reggae Music for radio show. Send to Rude Ras, host of Rudra's Reggae c/o CRSG Radio, 1455 de Maisonneuve Blvd. West, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 1M8. Or call (514) 848-7401. c1

Late 70s/early 80s punk/hardcore/thrash 7" singles and EPs (Canada, U.S. Europe) to trade for certain records by various eastern-Canada groups. Write Brian, P.O. Box 891, Station E, Victoria, B.C., V8W 2R4. c1

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Cassettes, CDs, Records you name it, for airplay on campus/community radio station in Kitchener. Send to Radio CKWR, P.O. Box 2035, Station B, Kitchener, Ontario, N2H 6K8. Tel. (519) 886-9870. c1

Comme Un Boomerang, émission radio Franco-Punkifiée diffusant les Jeudi de 22h. à minuit sur les ondes de CKUT FM, attend vos cassettes/demos/disques pour diffusion probable: Comme un Boomerang, c/o CKUT Radio McGill, suite B-15, 3480 McTavish, Montreal, H3A 1X9. c1

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Bands or just plain old folks who have a van and head down to Toronto on a regular basis to help transport RearGarde down the 401 (or whatever it is). Yes, there's money involved. We'll negotiate. Phone Emma or Paul at 483-5372. c1

Nifty Music (demos and vinyl) wanted for review here, yes, for this great 'zine. Fame and fortune guaranteed. Send to RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal H3G 2N4. c1

PERSONALS

Trevor: Been trying to find you. I want my skateboard. You know where to find me. Drop it off at my work if possible. That Chinese chick. c3

Gay Skin, 26 yrs old, student—interested in meeting a like mind. Write to P.O. Box 5552, Station B, Mtl, H3B 4P1. Tell me about yourself and not your politics. c3

Toronto Guy often in Montreal. 32, educated, polite, good build, sub. Seeks pleasant, curvy dom. female. Box 776, Montreal, H3X 3X9. c1

Toronto man, 38, affectionate, kind and sincere, well established, East Indian, seeks a pleasant, attractive female 18 to 40. Write to Apt 206, 362 the East Mall, Toronto, Ont. M9B 6C4 or phone: (416) 621-9557. c3

Nice Jewish boy 19 with long hair seeks a male and female friend 16-25 who preferably lives in Montreal to show me the sights i.e. the clubs and bars. You must not smoke/drink/do any drugs. Serious replies only. Write to Mr. Howard Shore 3815 Bathurst Street, Suite #08, Toronto, ont M3H 3N1. c3

Wanted: Gay male who'd appreciate friendship of 51 year old, intelligent, affectionate, chubby (6 ft, 225 lbs), professional, lonely (for gay male friendship) man. Box 1056, Station Q, Toronto, M4T 2P2. c1

Boy 19 seeks a home in Montreal for free in exchange for cooking and cleaning. Please write to Mr. Howard Shore 3815 Bathurst Street, Suite #08, Toronto, Ont M3H 3N1. c3

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Duran Duran fans in Canada to organize Canadian Fan Club. Write for details: The Presidential Suite, 13803 73 St, Edmonton, Ab T5C 0V3. c1

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CRACK

by Phil Saunders

Introducing Crackin, a column about Modern Jazz and improvisational music encompassing the grey area between **Last Exit** and **The World Saxophone Quartet**. If you don't know either of these artists, stay tuned to find out. If you do know either or both of these artists, I have no fear that you will stay tuned to find out.

This particular genre of music gets minimal exposure in mainstream press; case in point, the July issue of *Downbeat* finally did a cover story on the World Sax Quartet after only twelve years of ground breaking improvisation (not a new phenomenon for *Downbeat* though, perhaps a bad example). Until now to keep abreast of new music in the atonal sense you had to fork out almost \$4 for your copy of *Option* magazine. Last time I checked this rag was free. Besides it's a little embarrassing when a US pub. writes an article about **Rene Lussier** before we do.

Although I do not consider myself an authority on the subject of 21st century improvisational music I merely see a void and will do my best to fill it in an entertaining and informative way.

In July while **RearGarde** was on vacation two very important Canadian jazz festivals happened. Montreal and Toronto both played host to festivals but it was the indie festival in Toronto that clearly outshone their corporate counterparts. Toronto's Modern Jazz Guru **Serge Sliemovits** broke with the DuMaurier Ltd International Jazz Festival to present **The Jazz and Blues Street Festival**. Despite losing corporate funding at the last minute, forcing the cancellation of some major acts, **Tim Berne/Reggie Workman** among them, this small festival was rescued by **Bruce Cockburn**, who at the last minute supplied the money for both **Charlie Haden** (featuring **Paul Motion** and **Geri Allen**) and **James Blood Ulmer** (featuring **Jamaladeen Tacuma** and **Calvin Weston**) at the BamBoo. The latter the clear highlight of the week, DuMaurier or not.

James Blood, known more for his harmolodic leanings, played it pretty straight showing a healthy turnout what the real meaning of **Black Rock** is, no corporate hype here. It's rare you get a chance to hear something like that. Down the street at the Horseshoe **Big Daddy Kinsey** and the **Kinsey Report** and blues legend **Otis Blackwell** were in.

The pickings were slim yet dynamic at the expensive though mostly non-alcoholic, thoroughly alienating DuMaurier festival. You just had to know where to find it. Small crowds of about 100 showed up at the DuMaurier theatre to see **Craig Harris** and **Andrew Cyrille** bear their souls and about 150-200 showed to witness **Anthony Braxton** and **Marilyn Crispell** elevate jazz and 20th century composition to that previously inconceivable plateau.

But it was the **Sun Ra Omniverse Ultra Jazz 21st Century Arkestra** that was the clear highlight of said corporate extravaganza. It's important to note that on the way in I overheard one of the ushers explaining to an interested passer by that Mr. Ra is a reggae artist and that after the intermission many of the people who paid almost \$20 (for I don't know what they expected) had left allowing the dedicated but poorer fans to wander down to the more expensive seats. **Sun Ra** is the last and probably most important of the great Jazz Orchestrators and this may have been one of the last chances to see a legend, but the morons who left aren't reading this anyway so why bother. Suffice to say I haven't heard horns like that since the **Fred Wesley Horns** called it quits.

In October the Victoriaville International Festival of new music will be happening. Although the programme is as yet sketchy, no doubt an extremely enlightening experience should be had. Previous appearances include **Curlew**, **Last Exit**, **John Zorn**, **Cecil Taylor** and **Marilyn Crispell**. The dates of the festival are October 5-9. For information call 819-752-7912 or write Production Plateforme inc., C.P. 460, Victoriaville, PQ, Canada, G6P 6T3. Tell 'em **RearGarde** sent ya!!!

New on the release sheets; **Sun Ra**, **Blue Delight** **John Zorn** featuring **Tim Berne** and **Mark Dresser**, **Spy vs. Spy** (he probably copped the title from the back of **Anthrax's State of Euphoria**) **World Sax Quartet**, **Rhythm and Blues** and if you haven't got **Last Exit's Iron Path** yet let it be your next purchase, preferably CD, likely the Jazz Record of the Year. See ya soon.

Please send any Jazz/wierd out inprov/ space age/ neo satanic tapes/ records and accessories to : **Rear Garde Toronto, c/o CHRY, 4700 Keele St, Vanier College #258a, North York, Ont. M3J 1P3, Att: Phil Saunders.**

GUILT PARADE



PHOTO: Jennifer Jarvis

You get to a point where all the times that you said 'this was the greatest band in the world' come back to haunt you. I mean, let's face it, everybody isn't the greatest (are they?). I mean you just can't keep saying everybody's amazing. Right? Ahhhhhhhhh. Head Enema. What a concept. You get your brain completely flushed of all the shit that it's been fed by what you read, listen to, learn about and perceive.

Guilt Parade originally started in the thriving maritime city of Fredricton, New Brunswick, where founder/singer/guitarist/conceptualist/cynical bastard **Jeff Beardall** spent his early formative punk days. Back then **Richard Bird** played bass (it's since rumored that Mr. Bird joined a satanic religious cult and now lives in a commune somewhere north of Toronto) and **Todd Merrill** played drums. **Todd** and **Richard** moved to Toronto, with **Jeff** following some months later. Apparently they were also followed by a somewhat Notorious Maritime Rock Critic who has since also disappeared off the face of the earth. However, the band, as **Jeff** describes it, completely fell apart. After a series of exciting but uneventful members the band has finally come to a plateau of sorts.

Guilt Parade have an album coming out (or is out, or something like that) called *Coprophobia* (meaning an irrational fear of shit). The Album is being sponsored by **Fringe** records, as usual in lieu of massive royalties. **Fringe** has however decided to break precedent and advertise the record prior to it's release in *Maximum RnR*. What is it that has made **Guilt Parade** such an exception? Wait, that's not all. The early tapes for the record were engineered by non other than **Vital Sines' Rick Winkle** (ooooooooohhh). Yes. It's clear that **Guilt Parade** are not your average reactionary Punk Rock Outfit.

The group is now permanently based in Toronto and made up of drummer **Christopher "flea" Lee** ex of **Groupeom** and **Blibber** and the **Rat Crushers** and **Brad Crewson** ex of the **Toronto Stock Exchange** (as in the T.S.E.) on bass. They will be touring this summer across Canada (if **SNFU** and **Tupelo Chain Sex** don't steal all their shows).

The members of this here group all have varying yet lengthy experiences with different Hardcore scenes so it only seemed

right to base my first question around the local T.O.H.C. scene.

Chris: I find it's 'who you know' and really cliquy. There seems to be this uniform that everyone is expected to wear. Like the last time **MDC** were in town I went to see them and I was dressed in my usual way and about five people came up to me and sarcastically commented on my clothing and haircut. Like give me a fuckin' break.

Brad: I find that there's a real bias towards what's supposed to be good and what really is good. People don't seem to be making up their own minds. Like this band **Missing Link** said we sucked without even hearing us. Well we heard **Missing Link** last night and they suck.

Jeff: I think Toronto audiences are spoiled. I've seen it happen before... I used to put on shows in New Brunswick, and the first few shows everyone came out; punks, hippies, it didn't matter. But as soon as it became a regular occurrence people stopped showing up.

RearGarde: What about violence?

Jeff: It's violent music—what do you expect? I'm not condoning people hurting each other. But this music is a music that comes out of anger and is inherently violent in nature. Admittedly it gets out of hand but that's just stupidity on the part of a few. If we could just get rid of this **Ken Huff** guy... (he's kidding **Ken**, relax...)

The lyrics of **Guilt Parade's** songs are inherently political and philosophical. Songs like *Head Enema*, *Corporate Cog*, *Fuck Off America*, *Ode to An Asshole* and the ever popular *Religion In American Life* all have strong socio-political underpinnings. But the words don't preach, they merely present. Although of late the **Rollins Band** has been a big influence (incidentally, **Jeff Beardall** is the only man alive to lampoon **Mr. Rollins** to his face on stage and live to tell about it) it's the **Dead Kennedys** that has clearly defined the roots of **Guilt Parade**.

Jeff: Our outlook is anti-stupidity. We prey on reactionary attitudes on both ends of the spectrum by... being reactionary. I think it was **Walt Whitman** that said, "So what if I contradict myself? I'm a human being. I embody contradiction." Fuck off America

is about eating without knowing what you're eating. I'm working on a new song called *How Well Do You Know Your Food*. Don't laugh guys, you're going to play it live. I'm just trying to expand on the theory of mindless consumption of whatever is pumped at you by the media and everything else. **Frank Zappa** said stupidity is like the building block for the Universe: It's like Hydrogen, it's everywhere. I would have to say that we draw heavily from symbols like **Ronald McDonald** and **Colonel Sanders**.

RearGarde: It is commonly believed that the stonger your message is the harder it is to let it be heard.

Jeff: The corporate infrastructure is so tightly meshed into the power structure. It's really scary. That's why you don't get blast rascists as much as possible. But the struggles have now extended into the underground. There's this band from Detroit called **Forced Anger** who burned an American flag at one of their shows. Some Nationalist Skinheads tried to beat them up for it. Bands like that are always getting into violent altercations with the Skin element. When they (**Forced Anger**) came to Toronto they opened their show challenging all the Skinheads in the audience to go to Detroit to see how long they would last... Yeah. I like to blast rascists as much as possible. At a recent show a skin girl came up to me after and asked me what I had against Skinheads. I told her I had nothing against hairstyles, it was the attitude that really bothered me. Then she has the audacity to ask me, "Aren't you proud to be white?" See that's the latest thing. Rather than calling themselves racist they now call themselves **White Pride Skins**. I guess that's easier for everyone to take.

RearGarde: What do you think it is that creates such hatred?

Jeff: It comes from living in what's called as a **Burger King Economy**. These people get out of school and start a job that pays \$5 per hour and the ceiling just drops on them. There's no place for them to go.

Brad: It's really easy to perpetuate that kind of hate when there's so much frustration. Frustration just feeds on that kind of crap. Anything to pin the blame on.

Jeff: It's all very scary and it doesn't seem to be going away.

RearGarde: Will **Guilt Parade** go away?

Chris: I'm doing this until I die.

Interview conducted by P.S. Marlboro.

GROOVY AARDVARK



guys decide to incorporate blues and jazz with the hardcore?

Vince: Well, we wanted to be different. We didn't want to keep playing these four note metal riffs all the time. Especially with a name like Groovy Aardvark, people don't expect us to play what we play, which is pretty heavy music. Just to be different. It's fun to play and we enjoy listening to it. We wanted to open different horizons of music to people.

Steve: It seems all these bands out now, they all have their idols and try to be like them and it's all the same. I'm not going to play the guitar anymore. I'm gonna start playing the banjo.

Vince: There are a lot of Metallica and Slayer clones. People derive their style from that but they remain pretty much speedmetal. We just took our influences from elsewhere: 60s and 70s rock and take it from there.

Steve: It's fun, but a lot of labels don't like too much originality. If you don't sound like, say Metallica, they're not sure. Vince: They want something that's sure. Not too many labels are willing to take the chance as we're finding out 'cos we thought we would get some pretty good responses from our second demo which is really well produced. We had put a lot of money into it, but it seems we have to do everything ourselves.

RearGarde: What about your song lyrics, what do you write about?

Vince: Well, our first demo is quite hardcore, so it's pretty much the typical hardcore stuff.

Steve: But now, it's more personal stuff. Like there's one song about summertime and another about being late...

Vince: More personal feelings come out. We don't preach anymore. It's more like, 'I see this and I see that.' No big message.

RearGarde: You were talking about influences before—where you derived your music from. So give me some names.

Vince: First of all, there's Frank Zappa. We all worship him 'cos he's so wide in his field. He's got like 75 albums and they're all different. Also, he's got a sense of humour and a cool attitude about everything.

rything.

Steve: You talk about influences, but we don't sound anything like them. My favorite band is the Doors, and we don't sound anything like them.

Vince: We're like a melting pot of all our influences.

RearGarde: I was first introduced to your band by Trevor of Hazy Azure and he couldn't stop raving about you guys. He considers you an influence on him. How do you feel about that?

Vince: It's great. It's like if Steve died tomorrow...

Steve: Thanks a lot.

Vince: ...And we broke up, our three years together would still be worth it if we had changed someone's attitude. It's cool. It's unbelievable.

Steve: It's a definite compliment.

RearGarde: How did you come up with "Groovy Aardvark"? It's quite an unusual name.

Vince: Well, I was looking in the encyclopedia and I got to the first page and I saw aardvark because of the double 'a' and as a word itself, it's pretty cool looking, so I tried it with other words like 'Aardvark Academy'.

At the time, Marc Andre had this name, 'Groovy Petunias' and we fused groovy with aardvark, which looked cool, with the 'o's and 'a's and the 'v', and we came up with the logo.

RearGarde: Yeah, it's a definitely cool-looking logo. Oh, before I forget, Eddy from DBC wants to know what you think of DBC (at this point, I would like to inform all you people who have been misled into thinking that DBC stands for Dead Brain Cells; I have found out the truth, it really stands for Double Bacon Cheeseburger! That's right. Elvis told me).

Vince: I like DBC a lot except for Eddy.

RearGarde: Oh c'mon, admit it, they're a bunch of "fags".

Steve: Yeah, those English fags would never amount to anything.

Vince: You have to put in "english fags" 'cos it's an inside joke between us.

RearGarde: Oh, okay. What do you think of the other Montreal bands?

Vince: I think we have a pretty thriving

scene. We've played with a lot of different bands and each one had something to give and each one has a good following.

Steve: I like Hazy Azure and DBC.

Vince: I really enjoy DBC and I'm looking forward to their second album.

Steve: Actually, I don't follow the scene much anymore because I don't have the time, but it seems like all the bands that used to be around are gone, like Cre-mains for example.

Vince: There was one band we used to practice next to, the Infamous Bastards. We always enjoyed their music and their attitude towards everything. Chico's quite a character.

We rap some more about bands and band stuff. The guys have contributed a song for the RearGarde album and are quite enthused about the project and playing the benefit for this fine old mag.

RearGarde: So what else do you guys do besides the band thing?

Steve: Well... um... I...

RearGarde: You have a girlfriend so that pretty much says what you do.

Steve: I have a girlfriend, I have a daughter, I have a job, I have a lot of shit to do.

Vince: I'm going back to cegep and finishing my DEC.

Steve: We have a Groovy Aardvark softball team and we play against the Affected softball team and there's two other teams from Beloeil, so we're four in our league. We play every Sunday.

Vince: Yeah, we're all sports freaks.

Here the guys admits to being weedheads and the interview deteriorates to drug talk. Finally, we snap out of it...

RearGarde: Okay, I think that's pretty much it...

Vince: Aren't you going to ask us the famous RearGarde questions like what vegetable you want to be or your favorite manufactured toy?

RearGarde: Well, not exactly, I...

Steve: If you were a toaster, what kind of toaster would you be? Let me see... I want to be one with four slots 'cos I'm open to a lot of stuff, (laughs) or something like that.

Interview conducted by Miss Wendy.

RearGarde: So, who's in your band, what's their names, yadda, yadda...

Vince: There's my mom, she's 49, she plays bongos, electric harp... (laughs). There's my brother Danny, 20, he plays drums.

RearGarde: I don't care how old you are, just tell me...

Vince: There's Steve here, he's 21...

Steve: You don't care, but I want you to know anyways.

Vince: He plays guitar. Marc Andre, he plays guitar too. I play bass and do the vocals.

RearGarde: How long have you been playing together?

Vince: We first jammed on the night of November 10, 1986. We used to play in these other bands before and when we first auditioned my brother Danny to play, he was playing in this other band and we never thought he'd quit, but he liked the fact that we were doing compositions so he left the other band and this has been our lineup ever since.

RearGarde: You've been together almost three years now. Has this time been prosperous for the band?

Steve: Everything's going uphill. It never stagnates; it keeps getting better and better.

Vince: The shows and the response keeps getting better, the letters keep growing, the response from different fanzines all over the world too 'cos we send a lot of demos out. Word gets around in the underground scene. The three years are just climbing up that hill to get to the first album.

RearGarde: You started off as a hardcore band?

Vince: Well, most of those songs were written by Steve here. We were listening to hardcore at the time, but now we listen to all different kinds of music so it's a reflection of that.

Steve: We were listening to a lot of stuff but the idea never came to mix it all together, it just happened naturally one day. It got boring playing the same notes all the time.

Vince: We were into the energy of slamming. We loved people coming to our local and freaking out. It was a big thrill at the time, it was cool. But as we went along, our influences got the better of us. We learned to write and come up with different riffs and tempo changes.

Steve: Right. I get to say my favorite line: We're going to be the biggest, most eclectic band in the world!

RearGarde: Right on. So what made you

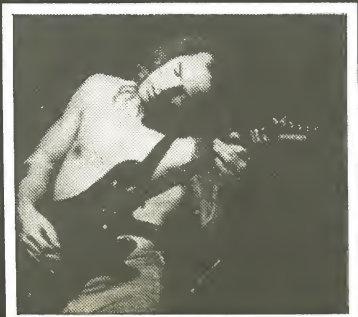


PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

The Sons of Freedom burst onto the Canadian music scene a scant two years ago and in that time they're self-titled debut LP has attracted critical attention. Following up the album, the Sons have made the trek from warm and wet Vancouver to Montreal twice, most recently to play two packed shows at Foufounes. These masters of the power groove have a sound which is an all encompassing rush of rhythm and crunch guitars. The following interview was done with the lead vocalist, Jim Newton, on the Saturday afternoon between the two gigs.

RearGarde: I noticed this tour you're getting a lot more press than you got the last time you were out here.

Sons: We got quite a lot last time. Maybe it's just from Montreal you're noticing.

RearGarde: Yeah, a bit more here and the music critic for the *Gazette* called you "Canada's coolest band". How do you react when you hear things like that?

Sons: He's right, of course. He finally realized the error of his ways after ignoring us. Someone's got to be the best.

RearGarde: Might as well be you.

Sons: I think we are pretty cool. Everyone's got their own definition of what the word "cool" means. There's plenty of other bands who are in the same kind of genre as us who are selling a whole lot more records, making a hell of a lot more money, and they're getting more people coming to their gigs. But, without sounding too arrogant, we're doing pretty well considering our album has only been out six months and the band's only been together for barely three years now. We're getting ready to move. Most of what's happening with us is that there's a certain aspect about the band that seems to attract a lot of critics. We're kind of the critics' darlings. And that kind of screwed us up for a bit. Except now, what we're trying to do is mostly concentrate on mak-

ing sure that we do a real killer live show. **RearGarde:** Do you find it difficult to translate the energy of your live shows onto vinyl? To keep the energy alive in the studio?

Sons: It didn't really seem that hard.

RearGarde: You didn't take a different approach, try and come up with something different from your live show, perhaps because you wouldn't have that immediacy of an audience?

Sons: I think when we made the record, we were mostly just thinking about what was the best kind of record we could make. So we hashed everything out before we went in the studio, with Matt Wallace, who co-produced it with us, and we went in there and did it, without even thinking too much about how we do it live. There's stuff on the album that, obviously, we can't duplicate. Extra vocals and extra guitars and all this garbage. But there's not a lot. About 85% of what you hear on the record is what went down in one day. That's why the feel is so solid there. I'm starting to develop this new vocal technique which is way closer to raunching it out than what I was using on the album.

RearGarde: I read that you didn't really like the political tags you were getting from the song *Fuck the System*.

Sons: Well, it's not so much that we've had a political tag it's that some people have labelled us a political band. We don't really see ourselves as a political band. So that's about as far as that story goes. *Fuck the System* really isn't a political song at all. The theme of the song is mostly trying to encourage people to think about what they're doing when they decide to rebel or drop out. There's a lot of people around, I'm sure everybody knows one, who's the stereotypical "rebel without a cause". I've already done that trip and I know people who are still doing it. They've been doing it for 15 years. And almost invariably, when you keep on going around saying "no" to everything, you wind up saying no to yourself. So you have to find something that you can believe in, that you can trust, that you can let grow. Otherwise, you don't really have much choice but to kill yourself. So that's what that song is dealing with. Finding an alternative way to live.

RearGarde: This is a silly question...

Sons: I paid them to change their names.

RearGarde: Is it ever really confusing?

Sons: It's a total pain in the ass. How wouldn't it be? It's ridiculous. I jammed with Don Harrison, the guitar player, for about eight years. Then he found out about these other two guys, Don Binns and Don Short, the drummer and the bassist. They'd

been jamming together for about eight years. It was a package. They just went from band to band. That's the reason they're so solid. When he was first talking to me about these guys he'd met, he said, "Yeah, I've got these two young kids. Things look pretty good. They've got a lot of energy. But they're both called Don." I couldn't believe it. I always figured, at some point, somebody would quit the band or we'd have to fire one of them. I can't see us actually evolving to the stature of U2 or the Rolling Stones with three people called Don. It's just too fucking stupid, really. Everyone and his dog, and even all of us, are looking for ways to try and incorporate nicknames. Because everybody wants it so badly nobody comes up with any good ones. It's not going to work. It's just going to be Don, Don, Don, and Jim until the band breaks up. **RearGarde:** You're self-titled debut LP came out six months ago on Slash records out of Los Angeles. How did you get their attention?

Sons: Well, we had a little two-song demo that we won through CITR in Vancouver, the legendary Shindig. And we fired that off

to Dave Ogilvie, a producer in Vancouver. He's worked a lot with *Skinny Puppy*. At the moment, he's just done the new 54-40 record, co-producing it with Neil Osborn. He's a pretty righteous chap. He knew someone who had just been promoted to the A&R department in Capitol. One thing led to another. One thing led to another. We did a demo for Capitol Canada for eleven songs. We started talking to different labels. This is late '87 by this time. We decided to go with Slash mostly because, under all technicalities, they are an independent label, even though they have major label distribution. We wanted real distribution, it was the most crucial thing for us.

RearGarde: So you'd get the best of both worlds, an independent label and your record everywhere.

Sons: The big thing with independent record labels is the fact that they'll give you room to grow. If you go straight with a major, they're going to be coming in and they're going to be telling you everything. They're going to give you image consultants. They're going to bring in a producer. They won't let you co-produce. You won't have much say in anything at all but you're likely to get them to throw a hell of a lot of money into your project. And there's also a good chance that if it doesn't fly off the handle on the first album, they'll just drop you. Slash is basically about the biggest indie label there is, so we're kind of on the medium budget. We can go for a couple of albums and the whole thing could still stiff before they'd actually drop us. That works out to our advantage. At the same time, we also wind up getting the worst of both worlds. We get to taste what everything tastes like except that we never get to go the absolute push.

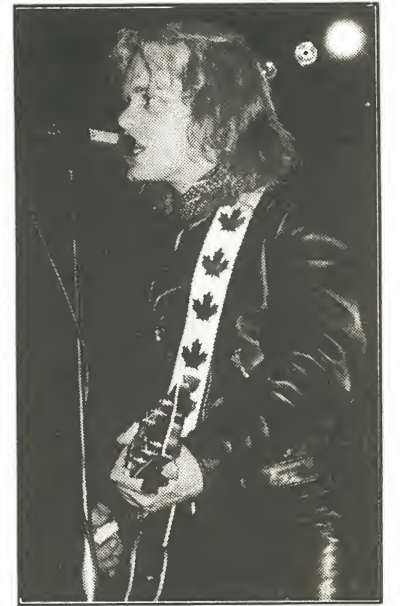
RearGarde: You played a lot of new material last night, are you going to put a new album out soon?

Sons: We're going to start working on a new album in November, but it should come out in about May. What we want to do now is start working on an album every single year.

RearGarde: The thing the media loves to make a big deal about is the fact that you have Robert Plant for a fan. What's the

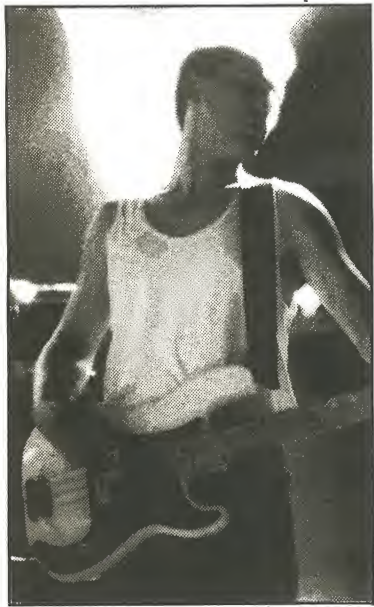
deal?

Sons: It's kind of a fan thing. It's kind of quasi-madmanipulation garbage. It makes him look good. He's an old man trying to play a young man's game. He even admitted that to us. There's nothing wrong with that. He's going for a young audience. So he wants to know what's going on. Naturally, someone like Robert Plant doesn't have to buy records. We heard through some jour-

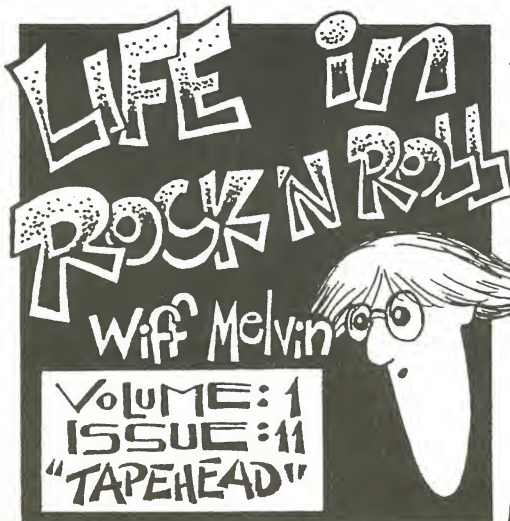


nalist quote, I think it was the *Hamilton Spectator*, from about October of last year, that the reporter had asked Robert Plant what he was listening to and he said that he'd heard this band called the Sons of Freedom and he thought they were pretty cool. And that's basically the extent of it. That went through a little WEA memorandum and everybody found out about that stuff. Then we started doing some advance press for our Canadian tour, the last time we went through here. We had a gig in early December in Winnipeg where we were playing Friday and Saturday and Robert Plant was playing some big stadium there on Friday night. So I let it drop with both the journalists. I said, "Hey, don't know if you knew about this but I heard through the WEA grapevine that Robert Plant supposedly said that he liked this band and he's doing a stadium gig and we're doing a club so I thought, why don't you just tell him we're doing this gig and see if he wants to come down." Sure enough, one of them actually wrote it in the paper, so the club was packed because everybody figured Robert Plant was coming down. We met him and partied with him until four or five in the morning. He's a nice guy and stuff. Maybe he loves our music or maybe he couldn't care less, it doesn't really matter. It's all media manipulation.

Interview conducted by Rebecca Scott.

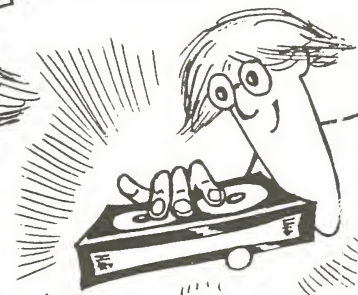


SONS OF FREEDOM



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happenin' in partee
MUZIK!



Let's talk VCR tapes

Eject that Rambo vid outta
the folks' Hi Fi Mitsishi...
tangle a few wires...presto!



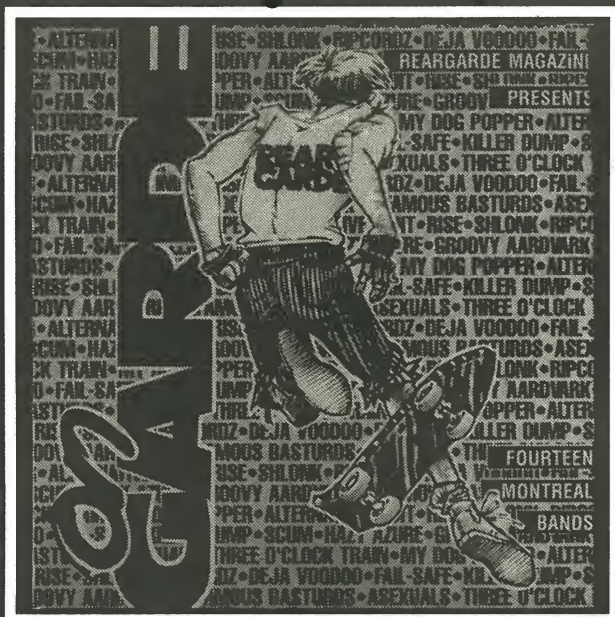
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no silent disturbances,
no fuss, no mess, no bother



oh @\$\$!#! that looks like Rob Lowe!

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The New York New Music Seminar



Starries

Okay, so they're holding the annual New Music thing in New York. Despite the fact that they didn't take out huge ads in *Rear-Garde*, a couple of folks drop by to shmooze, booze, see a lot of shows, and drop by the occasional seminar.

What follows is a couple of radically different accounts of what went down (there was enough happening to give us five different stories if we wanted 'em), along with some *Wonderful* interviews...

by Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

So they told me it was going to be a circus. Hundreds of bands over six nights. Dozens of seminars with hundreds of panelists. Pounds and kilograms of free magazines, cassettes, compact discs and some vinyl to be dropped in your bags. Thousands of attendees and a shitload of free alcohol and food.

In case you don't know, the New Music Seminar is an annual celebration of what the people in the "business" call schmoozing. This year there were close to 10,000 delegates to the seminar and they covered every aspect of the music business that could possibly be covered. Of course there was the usual assortment of musicians, fans, press and promoters, but there was also a shitload of labels, radio people, people who had merchandise to sell, video producers, choreographers, people who had merchandise to give, people who made food and different kinds of drinks and just about anything else. Everybody who was there had their own reasons.

My reason was to check out what all the fuss is about and why thousands of people for the last ten years have trekked on down to NYC every July to schmooze and booze.

With my curiosity piqued, my pad and pen in hand and my tape recorder in pocket, I was able to do just enough to make the drive home seem like an eternity.

Opening Day was spent checking in to both the hotel where I was staying and to the New Music Seminar. It was more of a tourist day as little was happening in regards to the seminar with the exception of a bunch of shows. The live portion of NMS they have now dubbed "New York Nights." Over 30 clubs participate in New York Nights and most have shows every night throughout the week. If you're an adventurous type who could run around like an idiot every night then you could easily make up the price of your seminar ticket by saving on paying admissions to these Manhattan nightclubs.

Myself, I was more interested in the panels and the exhibit area where over a hundred different groups paid big bucks to

be able to dispense information to everyone that showed up. Some of the exhibits were just representatives of certain cities or countries, some were record labels and most were magazines or media outlets.

For the next few days it would seem like every person on the streets of Times Square was either a crack dealer, a break dancer, or a delegate to the New Music Seminar. The scope of the NMS was incredible.

When you check into the seminar the first thing you get is this bag. The contents of the "bag" are records, CDs, magazines, tapes. The natural reaction is to do what everybody else on that floor of the hotel was doing and that was to plop down on the floor and muddle your way through the sack of goodies. After an hour of doing this you realize that it can wait until you're back at the hotel or back home in Montreal or wherever you happened to have come from.

Being exhausted from the drive, I spent the rest of the day and night either aimlessly walking around or asleep, resting up for the next day's festivities.

The next day was when the seminars got going and the first one to take place was a discussion of the PMRC's (the Parents' Music Resource Centre, or what has been dubbed the "Washington Wives") role in the music business these days. Together with the panel discussion hosted by veteran rock critic and editor Dave Marsh (see accompanying story), they showed the PMRC's 20-minute propaganda piece they use to pass around to schools and parents' groups.

It was the most one-sided seminar of the week, as unfortunately there was nobody in the crowd who was an avid supporter of the PMRC and able to refute statements made by the panelists that some of the quotes in the PMRC video were fabricated. It was sort of a counter-propaganda seminar—interesting, but not really a seminar. Interestingly, the words "Day-Glo Abortions" came up quite frequently from the mouths of Canadians in the audience.

The next panel I ventured to was called "Pop Music Press." This one featured some of the better-known pop music journalists, including the aforementioned Marsh, John

Leland from *Spin* magazine, Robert Christgau from the *Village Voice* (who split right after he was introduced), David Wild from *Rolling Stone*, Nelson George (who used to be the Black Music Editor at *Billboard* and now works at the *Village Voice*), and a few others who are all well-known to American readers of rock music.

Some of the main points of this panel were the decline of the critical essay in rock journalism, how close a writer should get to an artist and how young writers can get started in this field. The panel was interesting, but, like most seminars, the participants seemed to bog down in their own careers and talking about themselves.

Next up was the independent talent & booking seminar, which is mainly for bookers of clubs or people who own the clubs or bands who were wanting tips on how to get places to play. The main point that seemed to strike a chord with most of the audience (and again with Hilly Krystal of CBGB's, who can be heard from more, somewhere else around here) was the point that bands quite often forget the clubs or bookers that break them in specific cities.

After the madness of the seminars, it was off to catch some live music. The first show I caught was the Holland Rocks show at a dingy club on 42nd St. called Jammin'. I missed most of the opening band, who sounded like a Dutch version of the Beastie Boys. They were called *Urban Dance Squad*. For the couple of minutes I was there, they were entertaining. Next up was another Hip Hop group called *All Star Fresh Featuring Rude Boy and MC Demes*. The DJ was the obvious star of this show, as could easily be figured out by his many solos.

After the rappers were out of the way, it was time for the rock 'n' rollers. First up was *Fatal Flowers*, who sounded a lot like *Mott the Hoople*. In fact, afterwards I found out that they had been produced by ex-Hoople guitarist *Mick Ronson* and are big fans of *Bob Dylan*, one of *Ian Hunter*'s faves. More than a coincidence. Despite the horrible sound and the constant fuck-ups on the part of the equipment the Flowers persevered and put on a tremendous show that really built to a great climax. During my

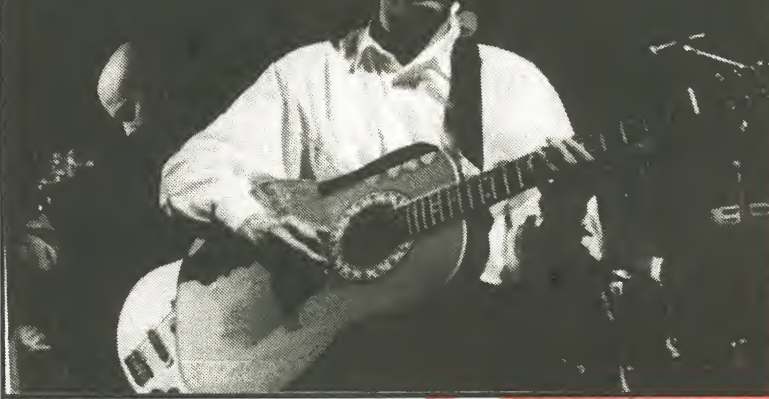


NEW MUSIC

interview with lead singer **Richard Janssen** I missed out on the Nits, who it just so happened had been in Montreal a week earlier. Definitely it was a great showcase for some of the newer bands in Holland these days. Look for Fatal Flowers in the future.

Next up was the opening night party that everybody was talking about. At the Palladium, everybody was given special passes to see New York sensations **De La Soul**, Yemenite folk/disco diva **Ofray Haza** and funk vet **George Clinton**. I stayed for the De La Soul part as more of a curiosity than anything. They had been getting a lot of hype recently and if the New Music Seminar was any indication, they along with **Living Colour** are the two hottest bands in the States at the moment. Haza is not my cup of tea, and Clinton would have been too long a wait to have stuck around for. Next up was the Cat Club for the Nashville showcase.

I caught one band there but never caught their name as I was too busy dipping nachos into guacamole the whole time. The guacamole was amazing and the nachos were



The Nits.

PHOTO: Claudia D'Amico

okay, but they were running out by the time I got in there. I was stuck with just the little slivers that you so often get when you're the last one to dig in. Gotta get there earlier next time.

The next day was the first day of the exhibition area being open. Here, you have total madness, with all these booths to see

and every one of them was at least a couple of people there willing to talk and more than likely grabbing you to talk and push their compilation tape or give away their mag or just tell you things that would justify the cost of the booth they rented.

The magazines were the favourite of the presenters in the exhibition area. When I got home from New York my bag of magazines weighed over 30 pounds (that's equivalent to almost three bundles of Rear Gardes y'all). Most of the major cities in the States were represented by at least one magazine (I've got copies of mags from L.A., Chicago, Austin, Boston, New York, St. Louis, Nashville, New Orleans, Philadelphia, and probably some others I've forgotten). Most of these papers were covering a local music scene, but they also hit bands on a national scale. Some of the older issues of these magazines had features on bands that have recently just hit the alternative charts in a big way.

The only seminar that I caught this day was the one featuring the rivalry between NY and LA. Appropriately enough, it was called "Whose scene is better?" This seminar was a waste, as it really only featured the loud mouth antics of New York's **Cycle Sluts From Hell**. In case any of you missed Zippy's interview with them a little while back, they are an all-female band who have now received a fair bit of infamy due to singing a song with loudmouth talk-show host Morton Downey, Jr.

Tuesday was again touring the exhibition area to see if any new booths had been set up or if I had missed any the previous day (there were a couple). I made it to the "drugs and rock" seminar and this one was another waste of time. The most enjoyable parts of this panel were the one-liners coming out of the mouth of the **Dead Milkmen's** Rodney Anonymous and the time that the Kiss-of-the-90s **Gwar** attacked half the panel. Their surprise attack awoke half the audience from their slumber.

The biggest panel, and probably the most popular as the room where it was held was not only jammed but overflowing, was the "Africentricity" panel and how the revo-

lution should be marketed. Some of the speakers were extremely well-known people, including **Chuck D.**, lead singer of **Public Enemy**, **Spike Lee**, the director of *Do The Right Thing*, and guitarist **Vernon Reid** from **Living Colour**.

This one did not disappoint as it raised serious questions about black music in the States right now and where it's going. Is it a fad? Or is it here to stay? In this room, it will always be there. One of the panellists rubbed me the wrong way several times: **Lisa Williams**, manager of female rapper **MC Lyte**. Some of her comments were rather, umm... sexist if they had come from the lips of a man, especially when she spoke during an after-panel press conference.

There were so many people worked up about that panel they scheduled an impromptu news conference. When the question of rap's treatment of gays and women came up, all **Lisa Williamson** could say was something to the effect that furthering the Black cause was more important than any sexism in the music. All music writer **Harry Allen** could add to this argument was "Art created by men is

America's #1 all-nude talk show, the *ard Stern Show* on K-Rock, America's foul-mouthed radio show, they can now America's #1 music seminar.

PHOTOS

Front Cover: 1) The Swans at CBGBs by Claudia d'Amico; 2) Gwar invades the drug seminar by Shawn Scallen; 3) Spike Lee 1 Claudia D'Amico; 4) happy crowd at CBGBs.

This Page (boxes): Keith Morris by Shawn Scallen; Fatal Flowers by Claudia D'Amico; Dave Marsh 1 Claudia D'Amico.

Keith Morris

(Ex)Circle Jerk

by Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell
When Punk finally took hold on the West Coast of the States, the locals promptly rechristened the music **Hardcore**. They did this not to slag their limey counterparts but more as a tribute to the slashing guitars and booming bass that characterized early **Hardcore**.

Like most early music scenes there were some people who could be considered founders by virtue of being in more than one band or by organizing a "scene". Singer **Keith Morris** could be considered one of these founders, he was an original singer with power house Rock 'n roll band **Black Flag** and then went on to make his name as the lead throat of the **Circle Jerks**.

After one of the panels at the seminar (NY vs. LA—whose scene is better), I was able to catch up with Mr. Morris and convince him to talk to **RearGarde** and get his picture taken around the plants.

Morris was in the majority when he felt the panel he was on was a waste of time. "I'm just not into the rivalry—that panel didn't accomplish anything." Okay, enough of that let's find out what Morris is up to now.

The **Circle Jerks** don't exist anymore and have all gone their separate ways—the bass player is now doing a guitar no-speak album and the drummer has gravitated towards the home life. Morris has not found it difficult to walk away from the **Circle Jerks**: "There was quite a bit of negativity, that's why it's so easy to walk away."

Lately Morris has been helping bands get signed, acting as a sort of quasi-manager. "I got the **Hangmen** signed to **Capitol** and I just got the **Nymphs** signed to **Geffen**, you'll be hearing about them pretty soon."

He also will be getting back into music but in a more relaxed way as he'll be working with a well-known (in New York circles) guitarist named **Daniel Ray** who has worked with **Iggy Pop** and the **Ramones**. "We'll play whatever we want."

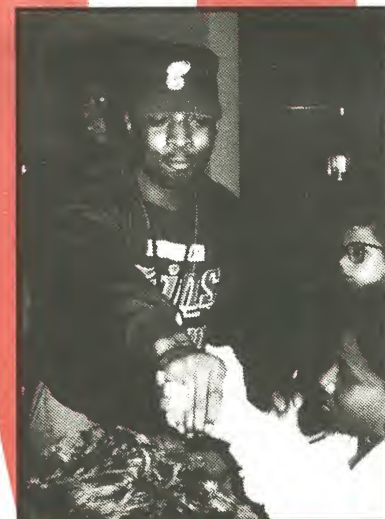
The other members of the band include, "a drummer who's spent some time with the **Neville Brothers**, a bass player who's played with members of **DC3** and **45 Grave** as well as a guitarist to join **Daniel Ray** who comes from the **Jimi Hendrix** school of guitar heroes. As of now he's in England working with **Echo** and the **Bunnymen**."

"We'll have no musical direction or style," says Morris, "It'll just come together. This is going to be an independent label band."

Morris is not worried about what older fans are going to think of this finished product; "I'm always going to be what I was in the past but I can't be too concerned with what others are thinking right now," he explains. "I owe it to myself to do what I want. With the **Circle Jerks** I wasn't doing what I wanted, we just weren't doing anything for ourselves. It was just the same songs over and over."

Now he's content to listen to the more pop-influenced bands; "These days I listen to bands like the **Wonder Stuff** and the **Bambi Slam**." He doesn't really follow the progress of the old bands from the early days of the **Circle Jerks**. "I don't really give a damn about **Henry (Rollins)** and **Jello (Biafra)** who always seems to have some kind of a gripe, that's one of the things that really turns me off about him."

Morris is happy now; "I'm in no situation. I'm taking my time and I want to do something, that's not at all like I've done before." for the past three years he has been completely clean and sober. Before that he describes himself as a "Walking and living hell who made things very hard for the people in the band."



Chucky D.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

sexist by definition."

This night was the last show to be caught and that was a five-band show at CBGB's. The stars of the evening were **Michael Gira** and the **Swans**. One of the other bands on the bill was Boston's current darlings **Bullet Lavalta**. They are a very energetic band who sound the same as so many other bands in the States do. I fail to see what the excitement is.

Now, that was about all I did at the seminar, including talking to a shitload of people who were there for the same reasons I was; to further their horizons and expand their connections and maybe get some free music while they're at it.

All in all the seminar is worth your bucks if you want to get off your ass and run around like the aforementioned proverbial idiot. For the city that has the *Robin Bird Show*,

Dave Marsh

Rock 'n



and **Motown**." Not a bad introduction. In the spring of '69 in Detroit to the face of rock reporting, **Creem** then **Dave Marsh** joined as the editor. "Creem at the time was an experiment. The theory at the time was that there were no Rolling Stones, the next big band seriously."

At **Creem** magazine, together with **John Rock** given credit for coming up with the idea, they had sorta been agreed that I came up with **Metal**. I first used the term **Punk**.

When **Punk Rock** first blew our feelings about the whole thing: depressed and confirmed. I felt like using it to reinstate the kind of serious great music out of the fissure from **Creem**.

After **Creem**, Marsh went on to a series of shows that would change the music scene. He watched **Bruce Springsteen** rise from here he has followed **Springsteen** through his biographies on the man (*Born to Run*).

"I wrote those two books because I was a fan and grew up with the music. It had a role in rock artistry and music. The two books have been major albatross to Marsh. "The identified books about **Bon Jovi**."

But why **Bruce Springsteen** and **Bon Jovi**? "If I was born seven years earlier it would have been different."

These days, Marsh's main project is **Confidential** is an eight page magazine of any ads. It covers music stories, some political concerns. The writers' opinions and speak their minds. How he's barred locals from his property and he's preventing the "little" people from his property.

Part of the reason for the new rock journalism. "The **Rolling Stone** New York a few months ago) was there got the quotes but didn't get the tour to break even, now that they're back."

He felt that the writers who do questions instead of the usual **Peter Dinklage** could acknowledge their own role in the music that marginally."



Gwar.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

SEMINAR



Old Skull.
PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

Shawn Scallen

New Music Seminar. The musical year. Yeah, right. The seminar, I'll be referred to as NMS from here on. Incredible marketing feat on the part of the organizers. Bands have to pay to play, companies have to pay to get booths, distribute promotional material, the venue has to pay to cover the event and even the major booking agents right down to the college radio scum have to pay to attend. They got ya coming and going, huh? That I had thought this scheme up, I know about a Canadian Music Seminar.

Well, I attended, I saw and I felt sick. There were three major activities at the seminar in the following order of importance: ass-kissing, getting free records/cassettes/food/drink and attending seminars.

Activity #1: Ass-kissing. Since I am not a professional artist I didn't have to lower myself

to this level. The closest I came to this was when I tried to convince the media coordinator guy that I was in fact a writer/photographer for this fine paper. After 20 minutes of persistence he finally stuck a dayglo-orange PRESS sticker on my laminated name tag. That sticker didn't give me any special privileges, except maybe going up in front of seminars to take photos (everybody did anyway) but having Mr. Press Facilitator facilitate me was enough of a reward.

Activity #2: Free Stuff. When you arrive at the seminar you get a bag which contains "over \$200 worth of freebies." Well I can't give you the exact figures (I'll get to that later) but there were about five cassettes, a couple of CDs and tons of trade publications and flyers, half of which I dumped in our hotel room, the other half I have at home, but still haven't read yet.

The real free-for-all happens in a very large ballroom, filled with tiny little booths which the exhibitors paid thousands of dollars each to rent for the three final days of the seminar. Over those 72 hours, after making more than a couple of trips, I managed to snag more than 30 CDs, 10 records and 50 cassettes. Highlights included new albums from DBC, Agnostic Front, Sick of it All and samplers from Caroline and Mute. That's all I can remember. You see we parked our car on 8th St. off Broadway, went record shopping for a couple of hours, came back and found my bag of free shit gone. My camera bag was still there. My friend's bag of free stuff was still there. The thief(ves) tried to rip off the car radio, removing my Fugazi tape in the process and leaving it on the seat—obviously the thief(ves) had no taste.

On the subject of free food and drink, I was too busy going to shows to hang out in the various "hospitality suites" and attend parties put on by the record companies, cities, countries, etc.

Activity #3: Gigs. More than 30 clubs and venues played host to more than 200 bands, DJs, rappers, performers, poets, whatever. It was really tough trying to decide whether to go for "safe" bets or new "unknowns". It was also hell (and expensive) trying to bar-hop and catch glimpses of as many bands as possible. So here we go, some of the stuff I saw, and some of the stuff I missed.

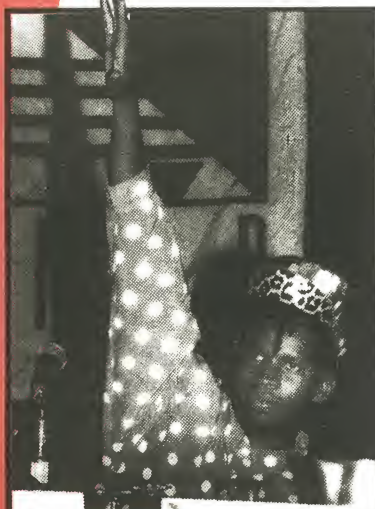
Saturday, July 15

At 11 PM I saw the future of rock 'n' roll... And there isn't any.

G.W.A.R.—the letters that (should) strike fear in the hearts of all humans. Okay, so I'm from Ottawa and all you Torontonians and Montrealers are probably saying "Yeah, I know that. I saw them at... last year." Well for the benefit of any residents of non-metropolis Gwar are the future of rock 'n' roll. In a couple of years from now, once Gwar catches on commercially, there will be stadiums full of teams cheering on the Gwarriors, human slaves and the evil Techno-Destructo. This will then evolve into total participation concerts where the audience will actually act out the scenarios and songs. Then, comes the final step in the process where the fake blood will be substituted with the real stuff. All out war. Where audiences will get to experience the ultimate high—death. (My yellow Converse still have fake blood stains on them).

On the same bill with Gwar were the **Flaming Lips** and **Old Skull**, the punk rock band from grade three, (they actually left the building before Gwar's Adult-Accompaniment set). I missed Old Skull, and from what I heard, I didn't miss much. Basically they were three eight to twelve year-olds doing what a full grown adults did back during the no-wave movement in the late 70s/early 80s—ranting, banging on instruments, getting the odd chord in here and there.

The **Flaming Lips** were sandwiched between Old Skull and Gwar, on the bill at the Rapp Arts Centre, a parochial school which has become a community centre which features performance art, theatre and music. The **Flaming Lips** were very loud and very pretentious, veiled in a constant curtain of coloured smoke. (Sort of like **Jane's Addiction's** Ottawa show). But they did have a **Fluid Waffle** sticker on one of their amps—so at least they have the ability to



Vernon Reid.
PHOTO: Shawn Scallen



Rest in Pieces.
PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

acknowledge a good band when they see one.

Near the end of the Gwar set I was torn between seeing Techno-Destructo vanquished or seeing the original 1976 punk bands, and Gwar's riveting concert storyline won out. The **Damned** were playing at The Ritz. I opted out of the extra (non-seminar) \$18 US expense of the concert. And I have regretted that move ever since.

Also that evening I dropped by CBGB'S Record Canteen. I caught the end of a Giant Records showcase. **Big Wheel** were pretty non-descript. The **Slickee Boys** were a bunch of thirty-year-olds dressed like 999 (badly) and sounded pretty punk-rock, man.

(Stuff I missed and would have liked to see—Electric Love Muffin, Texas Instruments, False Prophets, 2 Live Crew, Jerry's Kids, Token Entry, Big Dipper, Hypnoloveheel).

Sunday, July 16

It's a Sunday afternoon in New York. That can only mean one thing—CBGB'S Hardcore matinee. Today's bill—**Maximum**



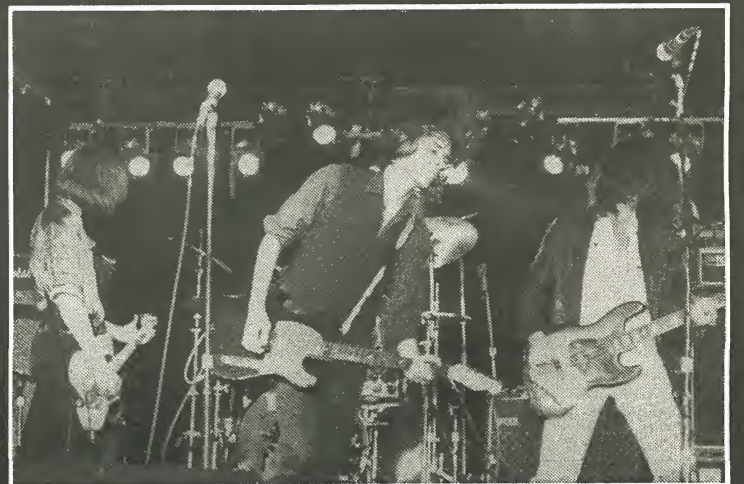
Bullet Lavolta.
PHOTO: Claudia D'Amico

Penalty, Iceman, Rest In Pieces, Sick of it All.

From seeing the first three bands I have established the fact that all N.Y.C. hardcore bands sound the same. Sure the straight-edge/rap/jock/skinhead multi-racial audience dances with varying intensities for the different bands, but they all have the same pounding bass and drums, street-tough lyrics and

Fatal Flowers

Dutch Rockers



by Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

The only one of many special showcases I was able to make it to was the show presented by an organization called Holland Rocks. The show featured four bands from Holland including what I thought was the best band of the show, The Fatal Flowers.

The Fatal Flowers are a four piece band based out of Amsterdam who came together in the late 70's Punk scene but put away the snarling guitars and ended up with a type of Bob Dylan singing Mott the Hoople mix. Ironically Mick Ronson, ex-guitarist for Mott the Hoople produced the band's third album, *Johnny D. is Back*.

"It's funny," says lead singer/guitarist Richard Janssen. "Ronson was one of our guitar heroes and then we got a hold of his phone number." Ronson was living in Amsterdam at the time and he obliged the band by lending his ear to the band's breakthrough album for WEA.

Janssen singing could best be compared to a European Dylanesque style and coincidentally enough, Ronson chose Woodstock, New York to produce the third album. Woodstock was Dylan's home for much of the late sixties. "It really is a coincidence," says Janssen, "I grew up with Dylan and I'm happy to hear people compare me to him."

The band's sole source of music in the 60's and 70's was English pirate radio off of the boats in the North Sea. These stations covered the whole of Holland and really united the country in their listening habits. "We all heard a lot of Lou Reed and David Bowie."

Janssen didn't make Holland sound too appealing for an independent band, at least as far as getting gigs and finding studios go. "In Holland we can only play three gigs a week. Most of the clubs in the country are only open on weekends. We don't record our albums in Holland because the studios are very sterile and too high-tech. This is not good for Rock 'n' roll," he adds.

The show this night for the Flowers was marred by tremendous sound problems and technical glitches. "It was our worst show ever," was the general consensus of the band. But even though they had those uncontrollable problems they were still able to pull off a great set that impressed most of the audience in the club.

After the two shows they were to do for the New York Nights series the band was heading back to Holland to shop for a deal with a new label.

The best countries in Europe for the band are France and Finland—both are big supporters of Rock 'n' Roll. The industry in Europe hasn't shown too much worry about 1992. This is the time that, due to an economic union, just about all of the European countries outside of the Warsaw Pact will be considered as one. Janssen thinks that the music industry in Europe probably thinks that the union won't affect them: "They're just not taking any precautions. All I can say is I hope that it will open up music in Europe."

V M M I C S E

stagediving singers.

The show was incredibly intense: Visualize Foufounes, The Apocalypse, or your favorite club packed, with no room to move, then add divers, a pit, people walking and climbing on each other's heads, a stage security guard with no right hand and massive knife scars on his bare sweaty stomach and the odd dancer who decides to spaz out when everybody else seems to calm down and you have the ultimate hardcore experience—violent, intense, exhilarating.

I left after R.I.P. because I was drenched in other people's sweat and starving (I didn't dare leave my stage-side alcove during the changeovers for fear of losing my safe and perfect photographic perspective).

So, I stuff my face, dry off, have a shower, dry off then check out the "Special Ticket Required NMS Opening Night Party" at the Palladium. De La Soul opened for Ofra Haza and George Clinton. De La only played a half hour set which was pretty boring. The Public Enemy and the Iced-Ts manage to put on a show, as I'm sure most rappers do, but these guys were going through the motions for the TV cameras and V.I.P.s in the audience.

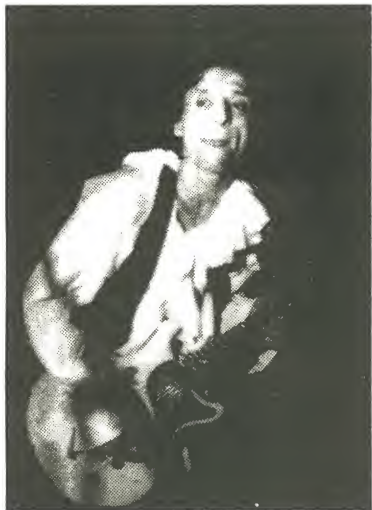
The next day I was talking to a Tommy Boy Records person, whose name I can't seem to remember. "How would I go about getting De La Soul to play Ottawa?" I asked, knowing that all kinds of Rap-Yuppies would shell out big bucks to see them. "Why?" he replies. "They suck live." He was right, De La Soul de la sucks.

From the Palladium's multi-floored audio-visual dancing experience I moved on to more comfortable surroundings—the place I ended up every night—CBGB'S and CBs Record Canteen.

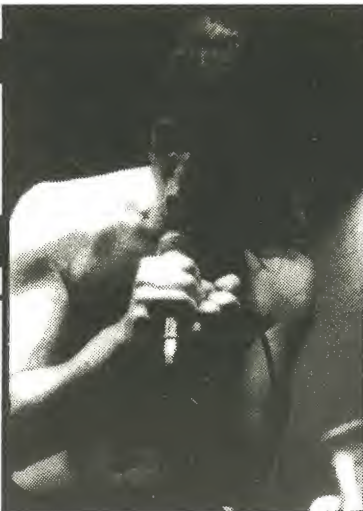
At CBGB'S I caught Death of Samantha and Happy Flowers at a Homestead Showcase. Happy Flowers were a DeJa Voodoo-esque duo who did a noise/garage which bordered standup comedy with the drummer and guitarist exchanging blows.

The drummer played bass as well, with his right foot—stomping on the instrument on the ground beside him, while the singer screamed and played guitar. The costumed Death Of Samantha were dressed better than they sounded (60s garage) and they had a contingent of female groupies, each of whom a slobish-middle aged man who was slouched in a corner, managed to hit on. He was more interesting than the band.

CBGB'S Canteen was playing host to a Toxic Shock Showcase. The Hickoids beat out House of Large Sizes on my star scoring system. Based in Austin, Texas, the Hickoids are a countrified version of their Texas cousins the Butthole Surfers. One bandmember had a eye-patch (for medical reasons) which he covered with a giant eye drawing. The lead singer, wearing a baseball cap promoting fishing in Texas and looking like a total geek, played with himself and tried to set other bandmembers on fire with his Bic lighter while vocalizing his mental perversions. What more could you ask for in a band?



Johnny Thunders.
PHOTO: Shawn Scallen



Medecine Sunday.
PHOTO: Claudia D'Amico

(Stuff I missed and would have liked to see—Dessau, Sister Ray, Gregory's Funhouse, a gay band dressed in silver lamé and angel wings called Frogs, Roger Manning and Boiled in Lead).

Monday, July 17

Rapp Arts Centre were okay. **Laughing Hyenas**—These guys are great. Once again screaming seems to be the in thing. The Hyenas are really heavy and metallic and translate verbatim from vinyl to stage, except louder.

Next was **Nice Strong Arm**. With a lead singer who sort of looks like Morrissey, dressed in a polka-dotted shirt, this Homestead band acted as an effective bridge between Laughing Hyenas and Naked Raygun. NSA were just as loud as the Hyenas but a little more poppy.

Naked Raygun were okay, but that's about it. No stage show. Generic hardcore with lots of melodious "oohs" and "aahs". I don't see what the big deal is about them.

From Rapp it's over to the Pyramid Club for the Bad Taste/Alternative Tentacles Showcase. The show was MCed by **Seething Wells**—a performance poet. More ranting and raving, ho hum. Although he did have an interesting comment that the Mute Records symbol has neo-nazi stylings and that the audience should go by the Mute booth the next day and complain.

Reptile were finished when I got there. They are an Icelandic version of what the B-52s used to be five years ago. Next was **Alice Donut**. They were the highlight of the evening. These guys are psychotic, hardcore Gods. What more can I say? Buy their records, see them live, let them bear your children.

As a last final attempt to see yet another band that evening I got off at The Cat Club around 2:00AM. **Johnny Thunders** was last on the bill. I got there just in time to see him stumble all over the stage in an intoxicated stupor. At one point he left the stage to take a break letting his buxom girlfriend/backup singer take over the vocals. That was cool. He came back for half a song, then left the stage agsin in the middle of it, much to the surprise of his band. That was not cool. After he took the stage and disappeared a few more times I split the scene.

Two weeks later, while talking to a friend of mine who was at the seminar, I found out the **Cult** took the stage after Thunders for an impromptu set. Letdown number two. (Stuff I missed but would have liked to see—Bad Manners, Bim Ska La Bim, Roger Miller).

Tuesday, July 17

No hopping around tonight. CBGB'S was the venue and **All**, **Bullet LaVolta**, **Swans** and **Lemonhead** were the bands. All were all right. Nothing spectacular, just straight ahead punk-pop. They cranked out their hits, their new single *She's My Ex* and a few **Descendants** classics. Apparently they have a new lead singer, again.

Bullet LaVolta, on the other hand, rule. They're more powerful than a speeding Rollins Band. I'd go all the way to Boston and back to see them. **Swans** were next. They used up more than their share of set up time to get their sound just right. Barefoot and clad in beige robes, Mr. Gira and Ms. Jarboe previewed their new album in a primarily acoustic set.

The **Lemonheads** followed. Down to a three-piece because their guitarist decided to stay in France and get married on their

last tour. They managed to belt out an adequate but uninspired set between complaints that they had been at the club for the last 12 hours.

While I was at CBGB'S the **Tom Tom Club** was palying at the Ritz and for the first time in five years the **Talking Heads** took the stage. That's something I should have been able to foresee. Letdown number three.

(Stuff I missed but would have liked to see—24-7 Spys, Bad Mutha Goose, Ed Kuepper and a Sub Pop Showcase).

Wednesday, July 19

It's ska night at CBGB'S. **Scofflaws**, **Toasters**, **N.Y. Citizens**. The **Toasters** were the best musically. The **N.Y. Citizens** had the best stage show with a Terry Hall sounding lead singer a midget counterpart playing off each other really well. **Scofflaws** were a young, large band who could use a year or

two to mature.

The majority of the non-seminar audience left after these three ska mainstays missing the best band on the bill **La PPisch**, a Japanese ska band. Dressed in gawdy rockabilly suits and shirts this foursome dished out a ska/rock hybrid which boarded on metal at times. They ended off with a cover of *Anarchy in the U.K.*, playing the first few bars verbatim then turning on the ska.

I also saw **Spongehead** and **King Missile** **Dog Fly Religion** at the Pyramid before the ska-fest. They're wierd-out rock and roll. They're both on Shimmy Disc—that's their excuse.

(Stuff I missed but would have liked to see—Pylon, Ginning Plowman, F.U.C.T., B.A.L.L., Boogie Down Productions. Stuff I missed because I didn't want to see it—New Order, P.i.L., Sugarcubes.)

That's it. Warren was at almost all the seminars I was at so he's got the last word on those.

Hilly Kristal

CBGB's Man.



PHOTO: Claudia D'Amico

by Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Ever wondered where it all started? Where bands like the Ramones, Blondie, Television, The Talking Heads and a whole slew of unknown but spirited musicians first busted their chops?

CBGB'S is one of those places and on this recent trip to New York I was able to talk to the man who made it all happen—Hilly Kristal, owner and booker of the club.

Outwardly, Kristal doesn't look like the type who would own one of the original Punk Rock clubs but he does take his role as booker quite seriously and seems quite proud of the history of CBGB's and what it stands for.

Kristal talks freely of the club's origins: "In 1974 there was a lot of interesting people and music coming from this area (Greenwich Village). There was non-Nashville country and folk, but there wasn't enough to have a consistent policy." In the village only jazz clubs flourished—places like the Village Vanguard and the Village Gate.

"At the time the Dolls were the biggest thing happening but they were always playing uptown," adds Kristal. "Around here clubs only did rock part-time."

Once Kristal got the club going and had an eclectic but steady booking policy, he was paid a visit by two young punks named Richard Hell and Tom Verlaine and they asked for a chance to do a show on an off-night, like a Sunday. "They were a godawful band," remembers Kristal. "One of the worst I ever heard."

The band that Hell and Verlaine made up was Television, and even though Kristal was not too enamored with them they came back to do more shows. "Then they asked if they could bring this other band they knew from Queens," he adds. "This band was crude, amateurish and played basic music. They weren't musicians—it led from one thing to another and this is how it got going."

This crude band from Queens was four fictional brothers named the Ramones. After the Ramones built up their popularity they went on to bigger stardom and have not played the club since '78 or '79 according to Kristal's memory. "They still drop by to say 'hi' and Deedee's coming back soon with his solo act."

Other acts that he can name who have played here before they broke include Guns and Roses, Crowded House and the Georgia Satellites.

The success of the club has spawned a canteen right next door called, appropriately enough, CBGB'S Canteen. Here he has a combination record store, music store, soda fountain, bar, live venue. "The canteen is the result of the bar," explains Kristal. "I can now put in 15 or 20 bands more a week. I now do 50 bands a week."

I noticed that the other side of the bar was vacant and plans are being made for a possible pizza boutique: "Just a quieter place."

He also wants to get his label going. Kristal feels it's "Just too much of the same phoney excitement and a lot of mediocrity. I don't enjoy mediocrity." He is not hard on the bands that play the club but a band has to improve after two or three shows at the club or else they won't be back.

By the way in case you're wondering, CBGB'S stands for Country, Bluegrass and Blues: "I just felt that was going to be the music that was going to be happening," explains Kristal.

Tyrone Proctor

Video Mover

by Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

One of the people I ran into at the seminar was a choreographer for music videos. Okay, okay, before you turn the page or go on to the next story just listen up. If you're a fan, in the least bit, of music videos then you should know a bit more about one of the most important aspects of making a video.

What is a choreographer?

Tyrone Proctor, hot music video choreographer will explain: "A choreographer is someone who helps arrange the visuals for a group, band or any form of talent."

What exactly would this entail?

"It can be anything from the way a woman puts her hand on her hips to dancing to... to anything with movement."

For five years now Tyrone Proctor has been choreographing videos and it's now starting to take off. By the time you will have read this article he might be the owner of an MTV award. His choreography for the video for the song *The Right Stuff* by the group New Kids on the Block has been nominated for a choreography award. He felt great about the nomination, he had just found out about it when I talked to him but he had his reservations. Some of the other nominees included Paula Abdul, Bobby Brown and Michael Jackson.

He got his start five years ago when an old dancing partner from his days dancing on Soul Train, called him up and asked to help him out with some of the dancing for her new video. That artist was Jody Watley, this led to him working some more with Watley as well as doing work with other artists such as Taylor Dane, Johnny Kemp and the aforementioned New Kids on the Block.

His job is to organize all the movements after the artist and producer have figured out what they're going to do. "They call me in after the basic format has been put to paper."

His contribution is only to help with what the artist already wanted; "The director has as much say as I do, but I must say I do have a lot of say."

These days dancers come to him looking for work. "I feel that dancers, of all the arts, are the least appreciated, at least what's due to them in terms of money and recognition. Also they don't have as many stars as other art forms."

When I commented on seeing a group of dancers on the street outside the hotel earlier in the day he just said they were doing old stuff, outdated material. "Hip Hop, Club (House) and Vogueing are right now the biggest forms of underground dance." Which would seem to show that dance is different from other kinds of arts, especially music in that the trends begin in the clubs and not on the streets.

Proctor was a bit disappointed that even though there were panels on video, there were no choreographers on any of the panels at the seminar. "I just feel that visuals are between 80 and 95% of the video, the choreography sets the pace for the artist."

RIPCORDZ

The Ripcordz are a Punk Rock trio from Montreal who have been around for quite some time and are just about to release their first LP on Og Music. I caught the boys when they were opening for the Birth Defects on August 17 at Foufounes. Here is part of the conversation with guitarist and lead singer Paul Gott (who also has something to do with this mag), bassist Ian Swinson, and Phil O'Neill, their new drummer.

RearGarde: When were the Ripcordz formed?

Paul: Originally back in 1981 and we were called the Fallopian Tubes. We played every basement in Montreal then moved out and closed a few clubs. We've had a pretty on-again off-again career.

Ian: So we're an old band.

Paul: ...with new members. Phil has been with us for four shows now and pretty soon he's going to colour his hair blue.

RearGarde: Why did Ewan (ex-drummer) leave? Or was he officially in the band?

Paul: Yeah. We reformed about a year ago after a two-year break because Ewan wanted to do some studio drum work, and I wanted to record some of the songs that I had written over the last eight years. We recorded some and then Ian joined the band. Ewan left a couple of months later because...

Ian: ...of political differences? We don't like politics.

RearGarde: Is short hair a trend in this band?

Paul: Yeah. Ian had his head shaved when he joined us. We're gonna shave Phil's head for our record launch.

Ian: And his eyebrows.

Paul: During a drum solo.

RearGarde: What are your influences? Maybe I should ask Phil for this one?

Phil: What? My favorite drummers?

RearGarde: Well whatever...

Paul: Peter Criss!

RearGarde: What about Joan Jett?

Paul: Joan is a big influence of course...

Ian: On you.

Paul: Well, I write the songs... You gotta admit our Joan Jett medley is one of the highlights of our show.

RearGarde: How would you describe your musical style?

Paul: Sloppy... Distorted.

Ian: We play like we dress.

Phil: Except for me during the day when I go to work.

Ian: He works in a suit.

Paul: So we're a fashion band.

RearGarde: Did you guys play any Joan Jett songs tonight?

Paul: No, not tonight. Our sets are too short when we do these multi-band nights. We played a gig the other night where we did three Joan Jett covers. It was ten minutes long and the crowd loved it.

Phil: We're the ultimate tribute to the Queen of Rock and Roll.

RearGarde: Do you guys all agree that she is, or is Paul brainwashing you?

Ian: Paul doesn't have that much influence on us. Actually Paul writes the songs but Phil and I direct the band now.

Paul: The way I describe it is that now we've got a drummer and a bass player who can actually play their instruments, leaving me playing stupid guitar so we still sound like the Ripcordz.

RearGarde: I'm not sure if I should ask

this next question but is hardcore dying out with this crossover thing?

Paul: Yes.

Ian: It's not that hardcore is dying out it's just that all the hardcore bands now are cliché. Nobody is being innovative anymore.

Paul: The trouble with hardcore is that the original hardcore bands, they borrowed from the Punk bands and rock 'n' roll bands and other types of music and made it hardcore. Now the new hardcore bands borrow from the old hardcore bands—there's no variety any more. Or they borrow from ACDC.

RearGarde: What do you think of the Montreal scene?

Phil: There are not enough places to play.

Paul: Everybody is in two bands—except for me, I'm not good enough.

Ian: It's too expensive to be in a band—paying for practice space and to rent clubs and P.A.s. It's ridiculous—you're working in a band but you're paying to do it. It should be the other way around. And besides, Foufounes is the only good place you can play. It's the only place with a good P.A.

Paul: And now they're so big that people with funny haircuts can come and sit on the terrace and have a beer and look cool and not bother with the bands. My definition of a Yuppy is someone who sips beer on a terrace on Crescent street, and some of the people who sit on the terrace at Foufounes are just the same. They don't give a damn about the bands or supporting 'the scene—they're just Yuppies with stupid haircuts.

RearGarde: So you guys are not exactly proud of your scene?

Ian: No. The bands are good though. It takes guts to play in this city.

Paul: We've got the best bands, no matter what style of music. But the city ain't supporting them. That's why we're doing RearGarde...

RearGarde: I was just coming to that. How do you find the time for the band with your involvement in RearGarde and CKUT?

Paul: Well, I'm always late for practice... RearGarde is one reason why the band hasn't been around for a while. It kind of got in the way.

Ian: No, it's because you didn't have us in the band.

Paul: Yes, these dedicated people. Now that there's actually a whole band getting along and working together I just make the time.

RearGarde: You have an album coming out soon. Are you all playing on it?

Ian: Paul is, I am on a few tracks...

Phil: I'm not on it at all.

Paul: He's new. He's amazing though. He's turned our Punk Rock anthem (Can't Fool the Kids) into a Funk Rock song. It's great.

RearGarde: When was the album recorded?

Paul: Mostly over a weekend at CRSG about six months ago.

RearGarde: Any touring plans?

Ian: If anybody will take us we'll tour anywhere...

Paul: We're going to Toronto.

Ian: And we've got connections in Boston and New York for shows...

RearGarde: Phil, you look older than these guys am I right?

Phil: Nah. He's older...

Paul: I'm the eldest. I'm 27, but I'm not feeling too guilty about it. Joe Strummer was something like 32 in 1977—it's all in your attitude.

RearGarde: What have been the reac-

tions to your shows so far?

Ian: It's been great. We've had good reactions from diverse crowds as well. We started at Station Ten with Bliss and the place was packed. Then we played Gerts at McGill and we thought we were going to bomb because of all the jocks and preppies. But they must have had strange infusions of beer 'cause the crowd loved it and the football team who were doing security wanted us to do an encore. I even signed a girl's t-shirt.

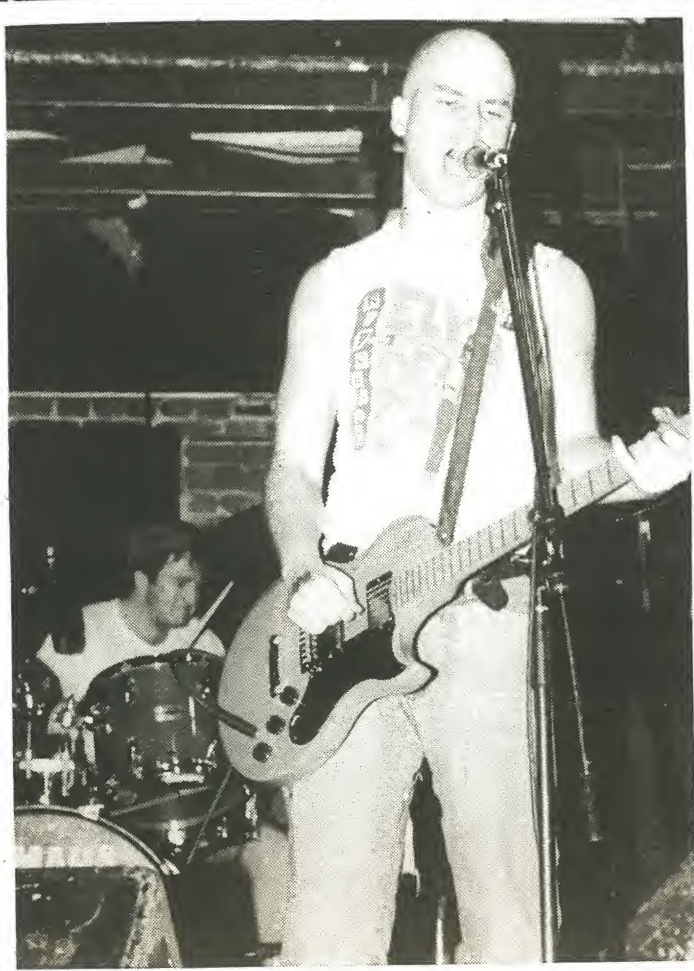
RearGarde: What is the story behind the Elvis Death Cult song?

Paul: Hey, Elvis is the King. Joan is the queen... and their kids are real ugly. No, actually I wrote that song after I spent a night judging an Elvis look alike contest at Station 10.

Ian: Kelly (of the Northern Vultures, Shlonk, Huge Groove, etc) says it's the best Punk Rock song ever written.

RearGarde: You guys are in University. Doesn't it go against the whole idea of Punk. You're not exactly anarchists right?

Paul: Well, I don't think that Punk had anything to do with being stupid. I think that we are more 'Punk' than a lot of bands because we are not 'politically correct'. Punk was about real Anarchy—not belonging to any political movement like the politically-correct Hippie movement in the 70's that had lost steam and was living off its slogans. That's why the original Punk motto was "Never trust a Hippie." We have our own views, but we don't advertise them and we don't feel we have to act some way because someone tells us it's the Right Way.



Ian: Punk Rock is not about living on the streets really—Pavarotti can be on the street and still sing opera. I mean, how do you define Punk Rock?

Paul: A friend of mine says all Rock music is dead, so we're not Punk Rock, we're Kid Noise.

RearGarde: Do you guys plan on staying as a trio?

Ian: Yes. People say we should get another guitarist or another vocalist...

Paul: Gee, thanks...

Ian: ...because that's what they expect to see on stage. But if you listen to the sound, we don't need anyone else.

RearGarde: Finally, if you could be any flavour of ice cream which one would you be and why?

Paul: Neapolitan, because with a haircut like mine you gotta be conscious about blending all those colours together.

Phil: Chocolate because everybody would love me.

Ian: I would be Baskin Robbins bubble gum flavor because people would chew me and spit me out. (yeah right!)

Interview conducted by Stephane Courval.

PHOTO: (Page) Steve Doucet;
(bottom) Sonja Chichak; (side) Derek Lebrero

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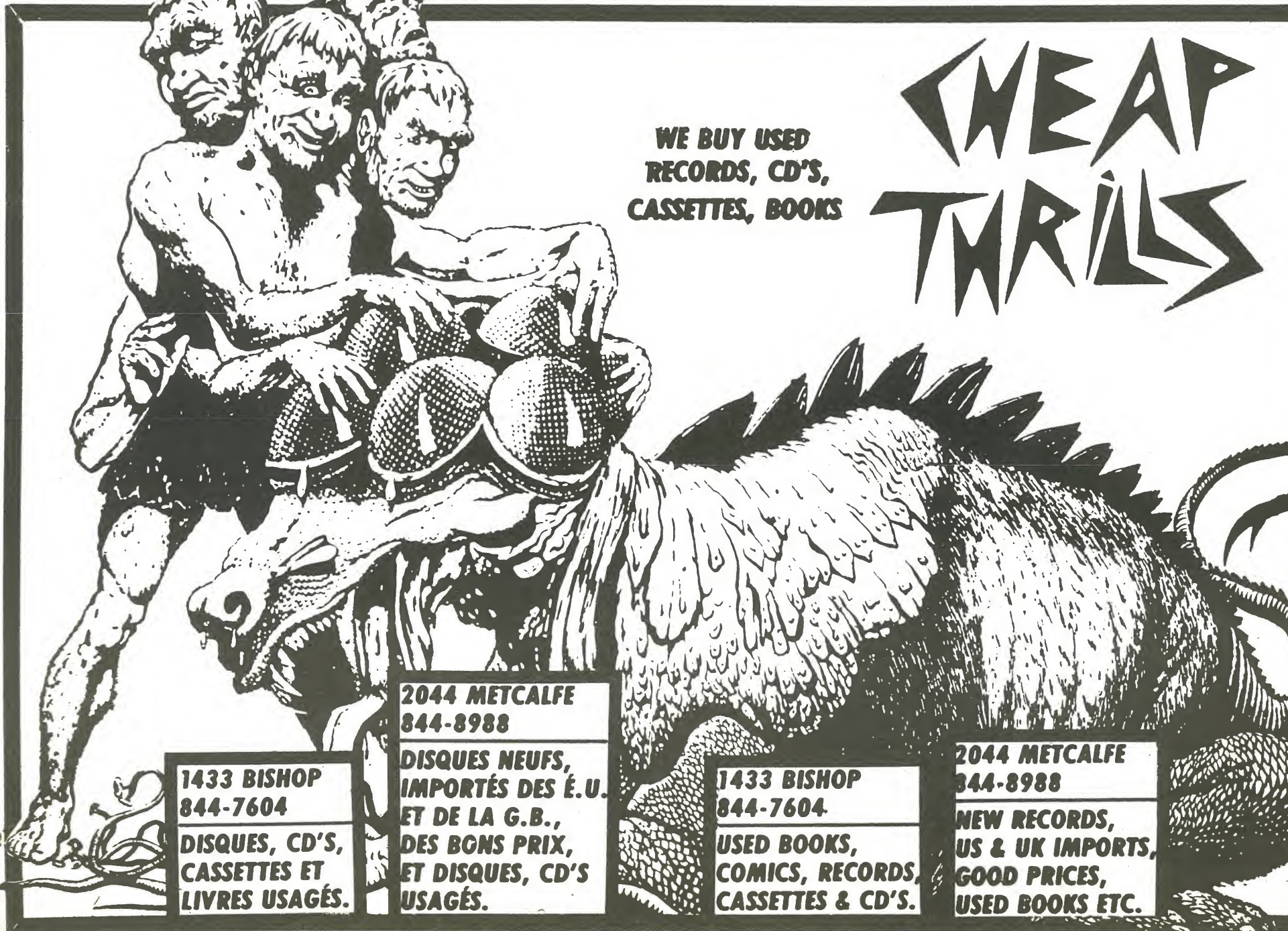
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The Dik Van Dykes. PHOTO: Dag

Dik Van Dykes & Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet
Barrymore's, Ottawa
Friday, August 18

The rumours aren't true: everybody *does* like the **Dik Van Dykes**, and the **Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet** aren't so "shadowy" after all. Just ask any of the 600-plus fans who filled Barrymore's for this orgy of kitsch.

Toronto's own Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet kicked off the festivities with their unique brand of 1950s and 1960s guitar instrumental music. The threesome's infectious Duane Eddy-style twanging got most of us dancing early into their hour-long set. And they did so without saying a word, save whistling now and then. The Men have two (*I think it's four—ed.*) 7-inch singles out and featured stuff from them like *Schlagers* and *Blast Off*. The boys from Hogtown also managed to rock out *Early One Morning*, a song usually reserved for nursery school, not seedy Bank St. bars.

The **Dik Van Dykes** proved that Hamilton produces more than just steel. It also spouts out really warped kids. The back-up singers, the Pop Tarts, sported plastic dresses while guitarist Dik wore (Gawd help us) a lime green polyester pant suit. They even had a polester fashion show/contest.

The audience managed to thrash under an onslaught of plastic fruit and marshmallows. Barrymore's musclemen, however, didn't love this as much as the band did.

The hour-long set was made up of tunes from their two Og releases, *Nobody Likes the Dik Van Dykes* and *Waste-MOR-Vinyl*. These included *Happy Birthday*, *Beachcombers*, and my fave, *Harold Snepsts*. A new song was showcased during the encore, *Too Much Like Fun*, according to drummer Stu, will appear on the band's new live CD to be released on Enigma. But he reassures that the DVDs aren't leaving Og.

Normally, sweat and marshmallows spell weird and kinky fun. They did tonight, at least. Fifties twang from the Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet and seventies kitsch of the Dik Van Dykes mixed for a wacky night out. Minus, of course, the bouncers.

Carol Harrison

Bad Manners, Laurel Aitken, Bim Skala Bim, Gangster Fun, King Apparatus, Skaface
Diamond Club, Toronto
July 23

This show was the highlight of a summer-long ska festival in Toronto. An enthusiastic crowd (a disappointing handful from Montreal) were witness to a concert of a lifetime.

Toronto was represented by two bands, the first of which was **Skaface**. They were definitely the better of the two local acts. Their set was tight and energetic, sending the needy crowd into the first of many bouts



IN CONCERT

of frenzied skanking. They reminded me of one of our own local bands—young and full of potential.

Up next were **Gangster Fun** from Detroit. I had heard good things about them from some friends, and yet they still surpassed my expectations. Their rendition of **Guns 'n' Roses** *Sweet Child of Mine* was fast and furious, and with a guest appearance by **Laurel Aitken**, overflowed the dance floor. Hailed as Detroit's best, they did not disappoint.

King Apparatus, the other T.O. band, were the low point of the night. Their lame, muzak brand of ska allowed people to go outside and take a much-needed breather. 'Nuff said.

On to Boston's finest, **Bim Skala Bim**. They are part of the "Three Generations of Ska" North American tour and their set proved they are deserving of this honour. Many bands are better in person, Bim Skala Bim's true talents shine thru when performing live. As they were the fourth band to play at this "Skatravaganza," the dancing was slowing down, due only to the crowd's sheer exhaustion. It would be great to see Bim Skala Bim on their own as I was too tired to fully enjoy them.

My compliments to the DJs at the Diamond Club who know what to play between sets at a ska show. Ska, not this disco crap they play here at certain clubs east of the main.

Mr. Blood Vessel, joined by Laurel Aitken and an all-new **Bad Manners**, stole the show, as expected. After weeks and weeks of waiting, a couple of cancellations and an annoying bus ride, I was finally seeing Bad Manners. Classics such as *Lip Up Fatty*, *Walking on Sunshine*, and *Just a Feeling* brought the crowd onto the dance floor, despite the intense humidity and tired feet. Laurel Aitken, looking very much like the father of ska, seemed at home playing with Buster and Bad Manners and played old and new favourites, including *Everybody's Ska*. His set of about five songs woven into the Bad Manners set was disappointingly short, but necessary since the show was longer than expected and the club had to close due to some silly law concerning Sunday concerts.

Buster Bloodvessel, looking almost like a cartoon character, kept the crowd on their feet by pouring much-needed buckets of water into the audience. Buster is very much the showman who loves performing and enjoys the concert as much as anybody else. His intensity brought *Lorraine*, Bad Manners' best-known song and masterpiece, to life. Those three or four minutes were definitely the best time in my musical life. In fact, this concert was definitely the show of the year and one of the better ska shows Canada will ever see. Ska is alive, and those who were there will never forget it. Bravo!

Jolly John

Birth Defects, Ripcordz, Alternative Inuit
Foufounes Electricques
August 17

August 17 was the date for the release of the Birth Defects' demo cassette at Foufounes Electricques. Opening were the Ripcordz and Alternative Inuit, two Montreal bands which have been kicking around the scene for a while now.

The Ripcordz were first to play and although they encountered sound problems at first, they played a decent set of fast two-chord speed-punk rockish tunes. Unfortunately there place wasn't exactly full when these guys were on. Nevertheless, the Ripcordz, with their new lineup (again?) deserve to be checked out.

Up next was Alternative Inuit. I am embarrassed to mention that I missed

their show, due to my interviewing Ripcordz. According to friends, they played one of their best gigs. Too bad I missed them...

Finally, the awaited Birth Defects came on stage before a surprisingly large crowd. The boys played most (if not all) of the 20 songs on their demo including a somewhat out of tune version of the Beatles' *Twist and Shout*. For a band a little more than a year old, the Birth Defects seem to be well-known. This judging by the crowd's reaction. Perhaps the most important aspect to mention about the Birth Defects is their stage presence. Their singer is one energetic dude! He never stops bouncing around and inviting people to do the same. Thumbs up for the Birth Defects for their well-organized demo lanch and their fun show.

Stéphane Courval

Asexuals, Change of Heart
Foufounes Electricques
July 22

The big day for the **Asexuals** new record was here, finally. It had been four years and a new direction for the band since the last release in 1985. Since then the band lineup has settled down and the band has been playing some of the better music the city has to offer. July 22 was no exception. Obviously a little excited about the new record going into public hands, the Asexuals put on one of the "smokin' est" and "bitchin' est" performances they ever have. Their original songs were played with a renewed vigour and the cover of *Chinese Rocks* was good, but comparatively (to the originals) a bit flat.

Anyway, there's more to the Asexuals' entertainment value than their own music. The guy who burst in with the camera had one of the most entertaining white suits I've ever seen. The new t-shirts are pretty entertaining, so is Blake Cheetah's haircut story. Paul Remington's monologues were too. Toronto's **Change of Heart** were just as, you guessed it, entertaining but the 5-minute guitar solos I could do without.

All in all I liked the show so much I bought the whole record. 'Nuff said.

Pete Johnson esq.

Bliss, Fumblekin, Alternative Inuit
Foufounes Electricque
July 14

Mention the idea of alternative music and most people get sentimental ("I can't believe I used to like these guys"). Or, if their eyes don't fill with tears for all those meccas of the scene who have taken to their armchairs, then alternative music needs only to be called such to evoke in these bands and their audience a sense of radical self-worth. The annoying complacency of groovy political correctness was shaken up by Reaction SIDA's three-band show.

The few people present witnessed the return of **Alternative Inuit**, who played a great set in spite of their sparse audience. Second up were Toronto's **Fumblekin** who didn't play their set as well as was anticipated, but who are definitely worth checking out if they come back to Montreal.

The third and final band up were Montreal's own **Bliss**, whose high-energy set convinced me there is something very mysterious about the small crowd. Is everyone too jaded to leave their T.V. sets for an evening? If you think you've heard it all before, go see Bliss.

The lyrical framework of the band, which describes the individual invaded by mass advertising and corporate clichés, is rescued from overt moralizing by the diversity (complexity?) of the music. It was inspiring to see a local band capable of inciting tension and energy without simply playing faster and louder (aren't we intense?) and refreshing to watch a performance where the singer does not make up the entire visual content of the show.

Rather, the music moves around and through the linearity of the lyrics in much the same manner that the band members move around the front and centre, pian. Flirting with the lyrics, paralleling and supporting the hardcore aesthetic one moment, the music will then alter, grind against this structure to disrupt and sabotage its authority.

What I was left wondering after seeing such a good show played to a handful of people, was whether those who missed it were indeed interested in a real alternative, or simply in the safety zone of the alternative music scene.

Barbara H.

Elvis Costello
Saratoga Performing Arts Center
Saratoga, N.Y.

Halfway through the show I woke up and realized that it wasn't great. It was alright, but not great. It wasn't the Elvis Costello I came to see. This was a pudgy middle-aged man with thinning hair, moving in on Paul

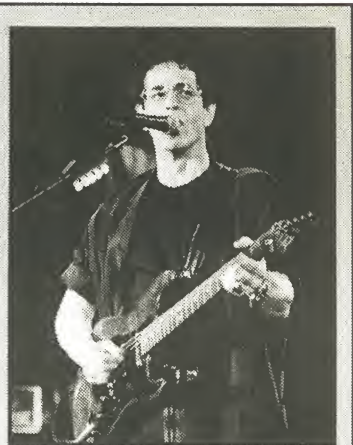


PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

Lou Reed, Maureen Tucker & Half Japanese
Congress Center
Ottawa

Mo was great, just like Mum up there, cookin' up some gravy tunes. Jad Fair and company were surprisingly laid back as a background wall. It reminded me a lot of the **Feelies**. Ottawa was perplexed and applauded politely. Very Nice.

On to Lou, and perhaps the best show of the year.

He covered the entire *New York* album, surrounded by fencing, graffitied aluminum siding, and neon service signs. Lou was smokin', and although I'm not in love with the new album, I was right into it live.

Lou returned to blast some classics our way. *Vicious*, *Sweet Jane*, *Walk On the Wild Side*, and even *Rock and Roll*. The reserved seaters were foot benches by this time and the spiffy carpeted center was a pawing free-for-all. That was it. Perfect.

John Sekerka

McCartney's territory. There just wasn't enough anger and not enough youth. There were glimpses, though.

When the **Rude 5** left Elvis to fend for himself, some magic shone through. One spotlight, one guitar, one voice. There's nothing like the personal touch.

Yet when the **Rude 5** returned, the show spiraled into a mediocre lull. Just when I was about to write it off, Elvis stormed back with *Pump It Up* and everyone scrambled to the front. There was life, vigor, sweat, and hope. Just when I was about to write it on, Elvis returned with a sludgy country twanger that brought me back down to my britches. I left unfulfilled.

John Sekerka

Andrew Bartlett, some guy, the Ground, Die Screaming, Guilt Parade
Slither Club, Toronto

The pop-folk sounds of **Andrew Bartlett** and his occasional high-note holding combined well with the rest of the bands, although extremely different. Kind of like pre-dinner music.

The second soloist had an electric guitar, as opposed to Andrew's tenor acoustic, and drums on tape. I don't know who he was and I couldn't understand what he was saying.

The Ground sounded interesting. Seventies-ish.

Does **Skinny Puppy** know about **Die Screaming**? Are **Skinny Puppy** still around? Fervent live show; theatrical extremes with saran wrap on the keyboard effect. Death, gore, and blood.

Guilt Parade are still anti-American, or as they like to put it, anti-stupidity. No new songs yet, but they are tighter as a band. Not exactly after-dinner music.

Jennifer Jarvis

Bad Brains
August 9
Rialto Theatre

To quote an article written by Doug



PHOTO: Derek Lebrero

**Naked Raygun, Skunk
The Cat Club, NYC
August**

At 10:30 we strolled into the Cat Club, Hmm... look at all those empty seats. I immediately headed for the upper level only to be confronted by a waitress who told me that those seats were reserved. Great! Maybe David Bowie was dropping by tonite. That's Ok, I thought, we'll leave those seats for David.

I sat down in those "other seats", as one of six people in the club. A couple of people were on the dance floor showing their stuff to dance-beat mixes of The Ramones and The Clash. There was something perverse about this place.

The opening act was NYC's Skunk. Need I say more? Three songs to get their guitars tuned and six songs to figure out the vocals. The fault shouldn't lie with the band. It must be Cat Club policy to make the opening act sound like they were playing in a closed steel vacuum.

At 11:30 after a long and arduous set with stinky Skunk, Naked Raygun finally hit the stage. Starting off their set with the song *Treason*, the 26 people who ended up at the show began wailing as best they could. The rest of the set consisted of songs from their latest LP *Understand?*

Bassist Pierre Kezdy was incredible with his thundering, slapping chords, while singer Pezati grated across the stage. All of these short intense songs were accentuated with a subtle sewing machine style guitar.

A truly great show. We can only hope Naked Raygun will make it up this way soon.

Erica Strada



Balding: "The Bad Brains are one of the best punk bands in the world." Well, their Montreal appearance was definitely the show of the year. I arrived at about 7 PM, having been promised an interview (but that's another story and article), and already there was a line-up. Minute by minute, friends and familiar faces of the "scene" would show up and it was like those old days which I promised Celso I wouldn't talk about.

This long-awaited show finally got underway much to the pleasure of the crowd and we were assaulted with the hard, driving frenzy of the Bad Brains sound. H.R. announced at the beginning that they were on a mission: To conquer Babylon and would the crowd join him. A very enthusiastic "yes" roared through the theatre, though the couple in front asked me what Babylon was. Perhaps many didn't know, but many didn't care: what they did care about was the music that Bad Brains played which has earned them the title mentioned above: being the best.

They whipped the crowd into an ecstatic frenzy with their brand of hardcore and reggae second to none. Dr. Know's guitar leapt from hardcore hyperdrive to rhythmic reggae, accompanied by the thundering rhythm section of Darryl and Earl. H.R.'s ever-changing screeches and rants to a full-throated tenor had all who were present shivering and sweating with euphoria as they fluctuated their bodies from thrashing to reggae stomps, all the while miles of dreadlocks flew onstage.

The only disappointment was that their set, many felt, was too short. Still, everyone left with smiles and hopes that there will not be another long wait before their return.

Opening acts, Bootsauce and Rocktopus, were unfortunately missed as I was elsewhere, in the fiery hells of the Rialto, no doubt, but from what I heard pounding through the walls, I only regret that I could not have been there to enjoy it. I did manage to catch Rocktopus' last few songs, and from what I've seen before, the band has definitely improved and are well on their way to unimaginable popularity.

Not to mention great-looking T-shirts that had my buddy John drooling so much he actually bought one.

This one done by Miss Wendy.

**Crash Opera, Neeeyaaah!, Sons of Ishmael
Slither Club, Toronto**

The influence that U2 has on the band *Crash Opera* is somewhat pathetic. But demand for fun pop 'alternative' bands are high in suburban bar circuits. Lots of money to be made if motivation and enthusiasm is held onto.

Neeeyaaah!, I was told/promised, were better when Melanie sang for them, giving them an APPLE kind of sound. But she didn't sing at this show and I hadn't seen them before. Generic hardcore noise—yeah, that labels it. They haven't yet acquired a band unity, though, so I can't define it.

I'm glad *Sons of Ishmael* are back. Back with the coolest album cover I've ever seen. The insane Tim Freeborn is frightening. You don't, well I didn't want to anyway.

want to lose eye contact with him for fear you'd (I'd) miss something. These guys have really progressed from their disco days as the Bay City Rollers to their present bewitching hardcore sounds.

Jennifer Jarvis

**Sing Along With Tonto, Dollhouse, Faith No More
Rock and Roll Heaven, Toronto**

Okay, so I walk into this place called Rock and Roll Heaven only to be carded by a man with shoulders wider than my height. Uggh! Fortunately, that goes without incident. I then spend five minutes looking for the stage in this "metal playground".

Anyways, stage found, christening of a Rock Girl as I walk into the bathroom, with very overpriced drink in my hand, I listen to *Sing Along With Tonto*. Pretty cool. Some good ideas and really good music. Too many wah-wahs on the guitar, though. A bit like *Rocktopus*.

Dollhouse, was, well, an experience. A pleasant or damaging experience? I still

don't know. The defining scream starting off their set chased me out of the stage area.

Faith No More were intensely loud and great. Their recently adopted metal love ballad sound influenced most of the set, but old songs—when they were known as a Punk band—were done also. The new singer is technically better but not a better singer. One of the best shows I've been to this year, definitely.

Jennifer Jarvis

**Dennis Brown, Freddie McGregor, Lt. Stitchie
Paladium, Montreal**

Amidst a thick cloud of ganja smoke, dreadlocks, a half-empty Paladium, the obligatory dance-hall music and a much less than loud sound system, in the habitual tardiness of all reggae shows, *Lloyd Parkes* and *We The People* descended onstage at 12:15 am.

They were to be the backup band for the evening and they started off wonderfully with Lloyd singing a medley of strange renditions such as the Honeydrippers' *The Sea Of Love*. The brass sounded like imperial horns, the band was tight, positive vibrations were happening. But there was some trouble getting *Lt. Stitchie* onstage.

Unfortunately, after about half an hour he did get onstage. He looked more like a clown than anything else in his red bouffant suit and with his constant and obvious sexual gestures. All that on top of the repetitive mass appealing sounds of dance-hall made for an uncomfortable wait for *Freddie McGregor*.

But it was a worthwhile wait. McGregor was in top form. His voice was filled with passion as was the band all of a sudden, this especially in the song *Africa, Here I Come*. The diversity of styles in his material also contributed to making this the most enjoyable part of the evening. But the sound wasn't loud enough. At times it was hard to even hear the lyrics, and although this was partly due to a troublesome microphone, it

is still unusual for a reggae show not to have mega-bass to make your body shake.

But the Paladium acoustics can never provide this, it seems. The same thing happened at the *Alpha Blondy* show last year at the same venue.

The sound problem remained for the highlight of the evening: the Crown Prince of Reggae, *Dennis Brown*. Although, like most reggae artists, he has political leanings, his set consisted mostly of lover's rock, which seemed to please most of the audience. In any event, for a man who has been doing this reggae thing since he was 13 years old, he was full of energy. He shone particularly on the Bob Marley tribute/medley of *The Heathen! War! No More Trouble! Get Up, Stand Up*. Still, I would have liked to have seen his most talked about show last year at Club Soda.

Robert Melanson

**New Order, PiL, the Sugarcubes
CNE Stadium, Toronto**

I arrived late, just to prove I'm a Rear-Garde reviewer, partially due to the fact that the show started around 6:30 pm sharp, and I left Ottawa around 3:30 pm. I missed the *Sugarcubes*. Some guy I talked to said they were okay. A little loose and disorganized, but acceptable for an opener.

I also missed the first few *PiL* songs while tramping my way through the massive exhibition parking lot. *PiL* were also okay. Not spectacular, but sufficient. They had pretty neon day-glo symbols all over a giant backdrop. Johnny wore a neon yellow suit which matched his (non-orange dreadlock) blonde Cure haircut. The worst point of *PiL*'s set was that *Dissappointed* got an amazing reception from the preps and punks alike; but then the applause diminished for the next song. I think it was called *Public Image Limited* or *Theme*, or something like that.

New Order were next, so I left.

Shawn Scallen

**The Druids, Go Figure
Barrmore's Imperial Theatre, Ottawa**

The Druids are the most unassuming, unpretentious band to make a tour through Ontario this summer. They don't seem to realize that they've gone national, or if they do, they put up a hell of an act at seeming like the guys next door. But that isn't to say they weren't rough and ready rock and rollers—Frederick should be proud to have a trio this tight.

The concert began with a couple of straight rock and roll songs, with lots of drums, courtesy of new member Nick Oliver, and a steady bass line from Peter Garvie. They were clearly well-rehearsed—even Oliver, who until three months ago was the group's roadie, seemed to be comfortable enough with the music that he could get right into drumming and occasionally shooting the shit with the audience.

Early in their 24-song set, they showed off their instrumental talents on *Down Through the Years*, but otherwise stuck to a small garage sound, like the gruffer Replacements songs. Most of the first half of the show was direct rock and roll, with plenty of chord action from the guitars and a boppy beat.

After a long, audience-losing intermission, they returned for another hour-long set that had more of an original, varied sound. The band does not have an incredibly new sound, but



Go Figure.

PHOTO: Shawn Scallen

it's not like anything else, either. Vocalist/guitarist Andrew Thorne can sing, which in itself takes the band out of the ranks of most punk rock and into the "progressive" file. But it's hard to imagine Joe Radio understanding this music except at its worst. And to keep a safe distance from AOR, they tossed in a hard-rockin' tune called *Jesus H. Bono* that refrained, "Jesus H. Bono you make me sick!". They thanked god that U2 wouldn't be touring for awhile.

Go Figure, who played a couple of ill-rehearsed but loud, fun songs to open the show, were more the Husker fans—a strummed bass guitar, lots of screaming, and the sort of attitude that'll keep anybody from realizing that they're from Kanata, Ontario.

For both bands, the biggest problem was attendance. Those attending didn't seem to dislike the music. One skinhead looked up at the ceiling to say, "Man, this shit makes me laugh and cry. Better than Cats." When the Druids hit the stage, there were about 60 people in the hall, a number that dropped down to 20 by the time the night was through. It was sad to see such a poor response from the city, since the band has the kind of pop potential that most garage bands can't imitate.

Steven Bodzin

(THE RETURN OF) ELECTRIC CENTIPEDES

BY MITCH BRISEBOIS

**NEARING PUBERTY, MARTIN
REALIZES THERE'S MORE TO
LIFE THAN HORSES, HAITIANS,
AND STEPHEN KING...**

**Instead, MARTIN
now wallows in
embarrassing
SEXISM!!**



IOTO: Sonja Chichak

REAR GARDE BENEFIT

Report to Regional Headquarters,
Central Division. 8908.13

Having been given my assignment to infiltrate and investigate the subversive activities and potential threat to National security posed by the "RearGarde" Benefit now held in Montreal at Les Foufounes ecotriques (Ref: Dossier Mtl. 249-69-37), I went to Central Stores and obtained the necessary disguise. I was issued the standard Subversive/Anarchist/Leftist Scumguise Kit (Model #506992-A) and verified the contents:

- One pair black jeans with 8 cm rip on left knee (with optional frayed edges)
- One black t-shirt with "Not as stupid as I look" printed on it
- One pair soiled sneaker-type shoes with hidden compartment for 'Dr. Scholl's Sock Guard inserts')
- One black leather bracelet with .54 cm sharp metal spikes (considered deadly weapon by Police Order GC. 67275)
- One temporary permit to wear the above deadly weapon while on Official Business
- One wig, black, human hair, fitting 4.80 cm below shoulders—conforming to 'unimpaired Ruffian appearance' code
- One red bandana to hold wig to head
- One leather jacket, black, with fifteen (5) pins of popular counter-culture heroes (N.B.: Breaking with Departmental policy, I altered the issued garment by moving the Bay City Rollers pin to give it more prominence and 'fit in' better.

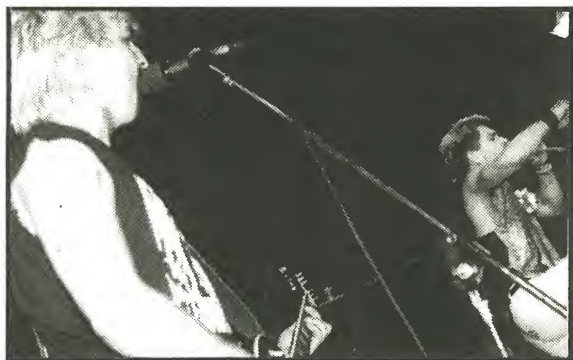
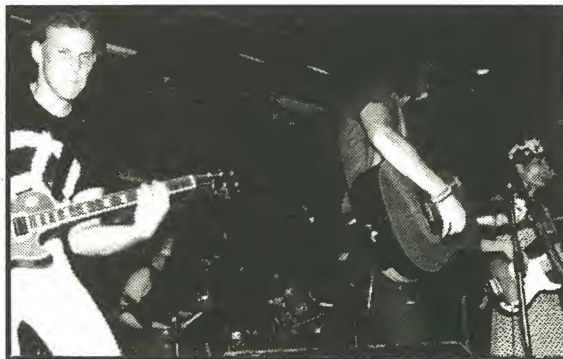
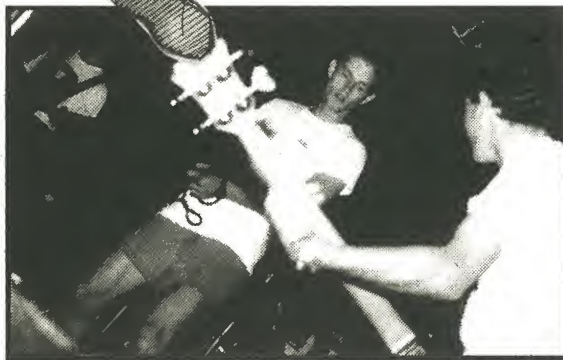
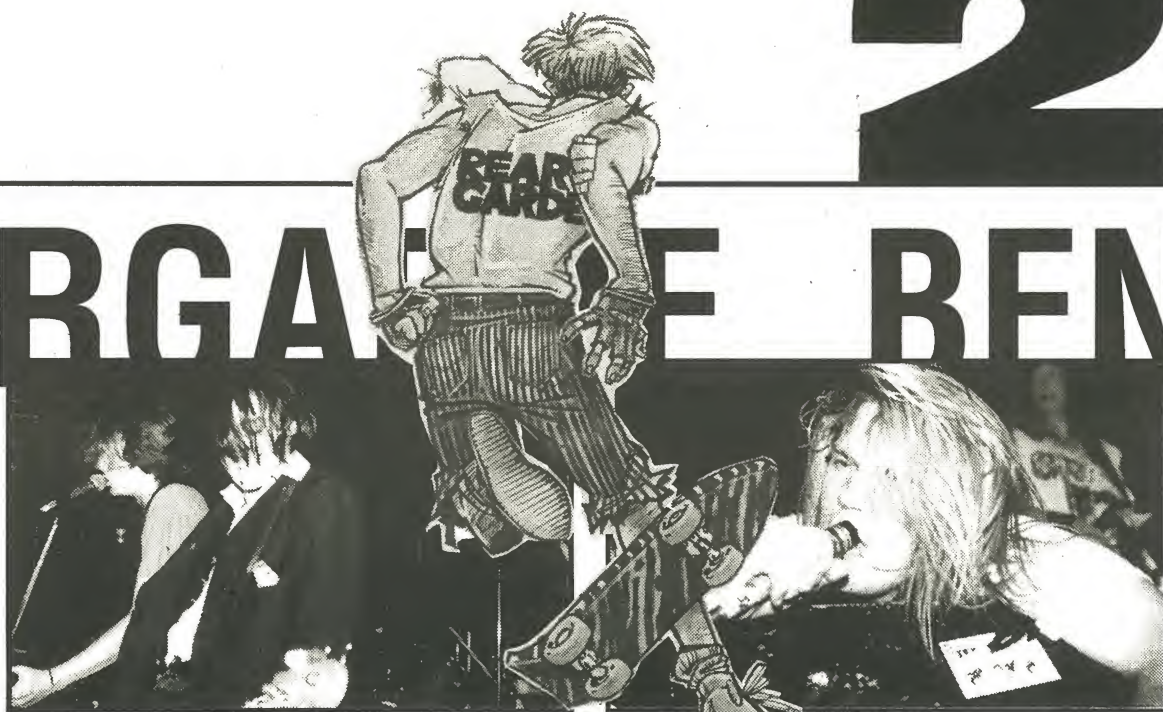
8:25 P.M. Arrived at the location in order to make preliminary sweep and check whether there was a relationship between a benefit for RearGarde, and a place called Electric Bum, in case I might be wearing a wrong disguise.

Needless to say, I watched my back as I passed the ugly group standing outside. I tried to find two beefy lads on stage announcing the first band. According to the poster the band was supposed to be High Yellow, but the band being introduced was the Ripcordz—a typical subversive trick. Just these leftists to create disorder, even their own shows. The lead singer was a baldy singing about his *Bad Reputation*, to the obvious delight of the early crowd.

Finally High Yellow got onto the stage, led by a dynamo of a female singer who belted out songs, mostly of the funk/hardcore genre, but the rumoured gogo dancers pulled the show. Oh well, I figured I'd have to find subversive behaviour elsewhere so I headed off to search for illegal activities in the mens room, while everyone else grooved to the rhythms.

9:57 P.M. The next band, **Alternative Unit** (potential Native Rights radicals?) came on. They cranked out some "hardcore/ergae/funk/punk" music, at least that's what was listed in my music almanac as the music of choice for young, radical, intellectuals (I hear they're all headed back to school, probably to foment revolutionary chaos in young, innocent college students). At this point I thought I would catch some illegal activity by suggesting to those around me that "Boy, I could sure go for some illicit distances about now," and "Hey man, got your reefer I could toot?" These textbook phrases did nothing but bring me bad stares. I made my way to the bar to see if I could find illegal activity there.

When I returned, the **Infamous Bastards** were playing some fast-paced noise which had the crowd careening around wildly—I think they were having fun. From intelligence data which I obtained from the MCs, apparently the lead singer "Amos stard" (obviously an alias) was soon to



be leaving for Chile (check with Interpol about possible drug connections). The Bastards had me trampled in a pool of ugly young fellows with unorthodox clothing as they elbowed each other in front of the stage. Obviously a subversive form of socialization. I was later informed by some sweaty kid that that's what the bastards are infamous for.

Next came a female band called **Shlonk**, with a very ugly girl singing. At one point a group of crazed male fans attempted to pull the poor woman's pants off. I was about to blow my cover and arrest them all for lewd behaviour, but the woman's ugly, knobby knees soon drove them all back to the front of the stage, knobby knees or not. Go figure.

Between sets, I detected a few under-age girls at the bar and attempted to get them to show me their ID's. I think that Hazy Azure performed while I was away, but they did so very quietly, playing just under the P.A.

(what evil subliminal propaganda were they hiding?) Meanwhile, back at the bar, I was finally able to coax phone numbers from some of the underage suspects. I drew their suspicions however when I paid for their beers and then asked the barman to sign my expense voucher in triplicate.

The next night, Friday, I decided to go "deep cover", so deep in fact that I disguised myself as a female-Scandinavian-midget (Zelda, model #574770-Z). Actually, this was a radical out of body experience.

First up was a band called **Huge Groove**. The name led me to believe that this night might be more in line with our Approved Non-Harmful Subversive Music recently being revived by our Mass Information Department ('Operation: Woodstock'). They grooved, but had that insidious heavy beat which inspires radical thought. Luckily, the Bum was half-empty as the crowd wandered in slowly, leaving only about 100 people to be converted by this Experience. I went looking for more subversive action.

This subversive tendency did not seem to manifest itself in the form of the next

band that took the stage, **Rise**. In fact, they appeared to be a group of fine young gentleman. Of course I am aware that this could in reality be a clever plot to put me off their trail. The deception was immediately shattered by their fast, loud, music. But tuneful. Fast rock, as we all know, leads to immoral behaviour. This band was described to me by an unattractive young man as being in the vein of the **Replacements** or so I was encouraged to believe, not knowing a replacement from a from a bullet in the wall. I was also lead to the understanding that they'd spread their propaganda by playing the RearGarde benefit in Toronto a short time later. The Toronto office informs me they were a huge hit.

Then came **Jerry Jerry and L'Orchestre Splendide des Warren Campbells**, or so the MC said. By the way, how has this undesirable escaped my attention all evening. He kept preaching something that sounded like "They suck!". This struck me as intolerably subversive. I tried to interrogate the MC in question but all he could mutter in his drunken stupor was

"quel fromage". I suspect it's a code phrase of some kind and deserves some further probing.

The double Jerry band was a perfect specimen of all that is incorrigible in a dangerously radical gathering. They displayed high levels of rowdiness, extorting the crowd to consume large quantities of mind altering devices—beer in particular. This struck me as somewhat contradictory, considering our files lists Mr. Jerry as being alcohol free. Another clever ploy to escape our detection.

The following band, the **Hodads**, played country music. However, their specific type of country music is too loud and fast to be considered an Approved Non-Subversive Music. The female singer was very convincing as a small-town, wholesome country gal, and her voice was quite powerful and moving. The male singer wasn't unconvincing either, but he should get a haircut if he has any aspirations of keeping the wholesome facade alive. The crowd did enjoy their performance which could be told by the howling and bouncing happening around me.

Ending off the evening were the **Asexuals**. They must be the heads of some fanatical sex cult and will most definitely be further investigated. The crowd seemed to be mesmerized by these preachers of sins of the flesh. The people around me were heedless to my repeated pleas for redemption, and I narrowly managed not to blow my cover. However this development did not disappoint because my girdle was killing me... So ended my second night of investigation at the Bum.

On Saturday, the place was packed and slamm'n' to the heavy tunes of **Broken Smile**, whose players waited over their instruments like twitching puppets—until one's guitar broke loose and brought the set to an early close. The guy next to me was disappointed and rightfully so for his favourite songs usually take the form of a ballad.

Those **Ripcordz** played a second time (apparently because the singer sleeps with the promoter). They're a heavy Punk/Hardcore band with a stupid sense of humour and stupid haircuts to match. The crowd before me appeared to be enjoying themselves immensely, but then they all have stupid haircuts as well.

The **Northern Vultures** played a really tight set, but that drummer looked awfully familiar... Their brand of harsh Hardcore seems to be a hit with these young, sweaty kids. You could tell by the way speed at which they kids kept running into each other.

The suspected anti-abortion activists, **Me Mom and Morgentaller**, turned out to be the hottest act of the night, getting most of the crowd up and dancing like mad fools to that infectious Ska beat. My biggest problem with the band is that there are too many, making it difficult to keep tabs on all of them.

Groovy Aardvarks ended the evening, and I must have been 'brain dead' by that time, because their heavy metal riffs sounded good too.

After the show, the crowd dispersed without incident, and I would have thought that the evening had gone quite well, until I discovered that those idiot M.C.'s had doused my disguise wig with silly string (cleaning bill # 623)

IN SUMMATION: The suspected link between the magazine RearGarde and subversive activities is yet to be proven I'm still following up some phone numbers obtained during the investigation and will attempt further research at the electric bum.

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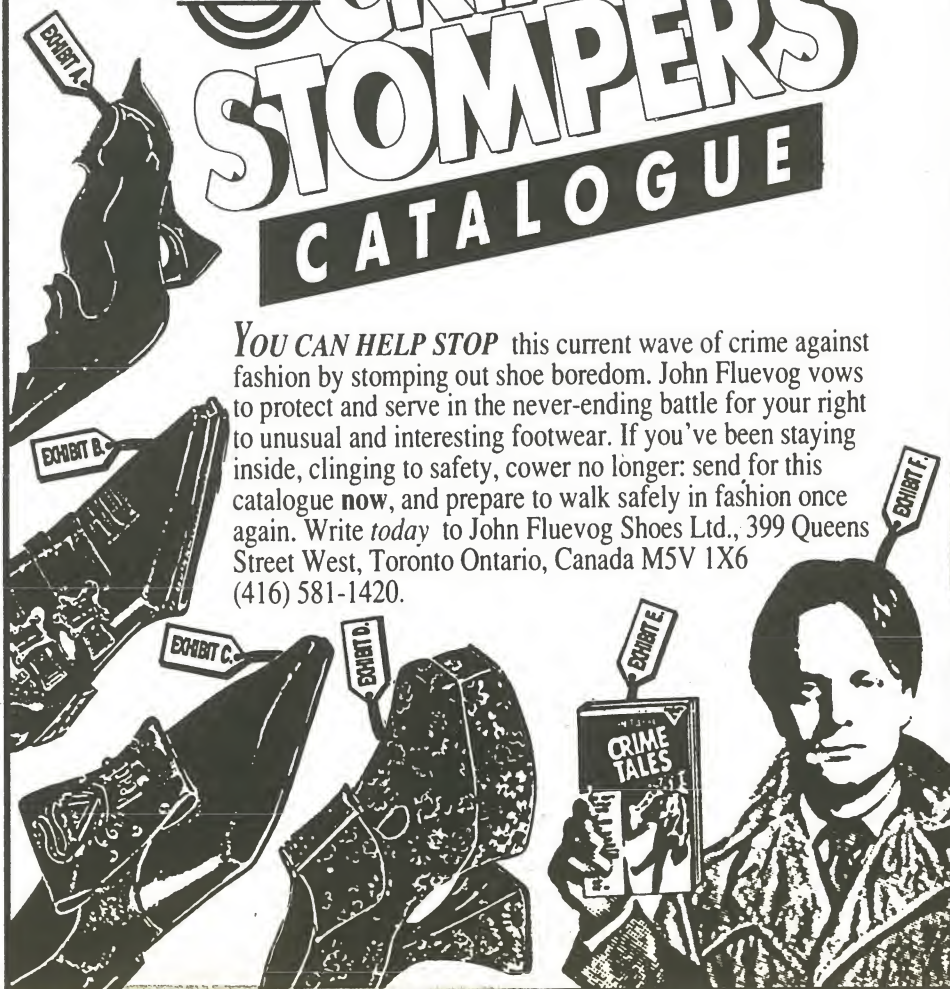
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Various, *On Garde*

Well here it is kidz. From the people who faithfully bring you this fine publication, a compilation of Montreal's finest rock'n roll bands. Most of the fourteen bands represented here lean towards the heavier side of things and almost everyone here (whether they'll admit to it or not) got their start in the hardcore scene. No compilation is perfect and *En Garde* is certainly no exception but there are several great tunes making this album well worth picking up. Especially worthwhile are **Groovy Aardvark** who offer a short blast of fairly innovative metal/hardcore that managed to be one of the few songs to get decent production. **Infamous Bastards** offer another great Infamous rocknuthertucker of a tune. They suffer slightly from poor production but I can never get enough of Chico's virile scream. I've never really been a big **Three O'Clock Train** fan but *Wild* really moves along pretty well. **Alternative Inuit**, probably the most under-rated band on the album make their long awaited vinyl debut with a reggae rocker called *Headlines* that unfortunately may be a posthumous release. RearGarde house band the **Ripcordz** actually sound like maybe they were born in the right decade after all. I'm keeping my fingers crossed for their forthcoming album. Like I said pretty much a good representation of the state of Montreal music in 1989. Good. You read the 'zine, you went to see the bands, now buy the album. (Cargo Records 747A Guy St. Montreal, Quebec, H3J 1T6)

John Coinner

Buffalo Tom, *Buffalo Tom*

Everytime I get around to doing the record reviews, all the good stuff is gone and I'm left with these tacky looking bands nobody's ever heard of. But once in a while, to my surprise, some of 'em are actually pretty good and I have to eat my words, or something to that extent. Such is the case with Buffalo Tom. I've never heard of them before and chose their record purely because the cover looks really cool. They're from MA (Maine? Maryland?) and are buddies with **Dinosaur Jr.** (J. Mascis co-produced this disc). They sound a lot like **The Replacements**. And I mean a lot. They have weird/funny lyrics like, "I'm in love with my sunflower suit..." I can't possibly figure out what that's supposed to symbolize. So, if you like them Replacements/REM type of music, you'll definitely like Buffalo Tom. (SST Records/Cargo)

Miss Wendy

The Tar Babies, *Honey Bubble*

Cool name. It gives me a feeling of deja-vu. Weird band though. They're from Wisconsin and claim to have been turned on to funk by **The Minutemen**. Call their music "punk-funk". Not as cool and smooth as the kings of punk-funk, **The Red Hot Chili Peppers**, but more twisted. Nothing I can listen or dance to for long periods of time. (SST Records/Cargo)

Miss Wendy

Siren, *All Is Forgiven*

When I saw this one, I said to Paul, "Paul, I think I've heard of this band but I don't know where." "Wendy," said Paul. "They make these terrifically tacky videos. If you ever watched Musique Plus or Much Music, that's where you've probably heard of them." Probably. I turned it over and there's this guy who looks exactly like John Taylor! I had to review this one. I'm still not over my pubescent crush on Duran Duran. The sticker on the cover says, "...the stunning debut album by Siren..." Hahahahaha. If Debbie Gibson ever wanted to be a "bad girl" and wear leather and studs and play (or try to play) heavy metal, this is it.

Miss Wendy

Various Artists, *Greenpeace: Rainbow Warriors*

This record is for a good cause—save the whales. It has an impressive repertoire of artists donating tracks such as **Bryan Ferry**, **Lou Reed**, **Eurythmics**, **Talking Heads**, **Waterboys**, **REM**, **Aswad** and **Peter Gabriel**. Then there are others like **Terence Trent D'Arby**, **Belinda Carlisle**, **Thompson Twins**, **Sade**,... Ugh, had enough? You get the picture. It's like any other compilation album. There's some good stuff and then, there's some pretty awful stuff. But it's for a good cause. Save the whales. (Geffen Records, WEA)

Miss Wendy

TNT *Intuition*

I've heard lots of cool things about these swedes, or maybe they're Swiss. I can't remember. Swiss would make sense cuz fursure these guys got lost in some fromage factory and ate their way out. Yikes, having fromage as a major influence can take a serious round out of your rock 'n' roll writing ability. I'm only on the third song and I think I'm gonna yak. Let me paint you a mental picture, if I could be so bold. Four semi-pretentious dudes, each dressed in their own unique way, standing proudly in front of a lovely castle. But the band (band-wise that is) needed more. They recruited extra people to sing background vocals... lord knows this album has background vocals. Harmonies so thick, juicy, and irritating you could cut them with a 9mm UZI. Let us not forget the keyboard dick, or whatever... my patience is wearing thin. I'll leave it at dick for now. Ever boil an album before? Rumor on the street is boiled and properly shaped albums make fine golf balls. Hmmm. Check this one out: "Take me down my fallen angel and spread your wings"—not bad on cheese value alone. However, having to listen to it sang beautifully with them juicy, thick harmonies and the dick on the keys is makin me look at my set of clubs. The rest of the band you ask? What are they like? Well, who cares? See ya on the back nine. (Polygram Records, 810 seventh ave, N.Y. N.Y. 10019)

Patates Serge



Random Killing, *This Whole World*

Here's a band I've liked for a while. They play Hardcore hardcore and not this cheezy speed/thrash/metal/trash/death/core junk that's so popular in Montreal. Matter 'o fact they lean back to '80-'81 British punk-core when bands still used to write melodies (stupid, huh?) on kool tunes like *Subway Suicide* 'n *This Whole World*. They also crank through some finger-bleeders like my 'fave *Throw It Away*. At best—cruisin' 'core, at worst—average thrash (still better than most of the alternative junk cluttering college airwaves). The only problem here is their self-righteous preachy straight-edge attitude. Thanx guz, but I don't need no 20-year-olds from Canada's breadbasket tellin' me "This record may cause you to think! If you can!!" I've been doin pretty well so far witout you. Keep the tunes, drop the attitude. (Aardvark Records, 60 Castle Knock Rd., Toronto, Ontario M5N 2J7).

Johnny Zero

Les Vierges, *Sur la Planete de la Terreur* More French Punk Stuff... That's about it. A little more rockabilly stuff mixed in with a breathin' drummer and a mix that loses the

guitars somewhere in the production slag heap. But, bottom line, More French Punk Stuff. (Gongnaf Mouvement/Cargo)

Johnny Zero

Ramones, *Brain Drain*

Whoa. At times this sounds like Motorhead (not a compliment). At times it sounds like Alice Cooper (definitely not a compliment). At times it sounds like the Ramones (definitely a compliment) but not often enough. Hell, therz other bands out there that sound more like the Ramones. Yo, guys, just stick to the mega-stupid-chord stuff, coz you got one big label to live up to: The Ramones. (WEA)

Johnny Zero



Razorbacks, *Live A Little*

It's the turn of the decade. They just drafted Elvis. Eddie Cochran bought it. Gene Vincent's out pickling his brain in some dive in Minnesota. Buddy Holly bought it. Jerry Lee poked his 14-year-old cousin, Richie Valens bought it, they arrested Chuck Berry for transporting a minor across state lines. Little Richard just joined a choir in one of the stupider Southern states. Sun studios've sold their bigger 'billy artists to the majors, the cops're trying to bust Alan Freed on trumped-up payola charges, the Guys've stopped wearing duck tails and rolled-up jeans and're wearing lamé suits and are growin' their hair, the Dolls've stopped wearing tight skirts and sweaters and're wearing hoop skirts and petticoats, cruisin' is finished, and the local "Rock" station is playing lame'os like Fabian, the Every Brothers, Frankie Avalon and the Razorbacks new LP. It's the end of the universe. (WEA)

Johnny Zero

Faith no More *The Real Thing*

Wow, hey, get ready cats 'n kittens the new **Faith no More** is gonna blow yer face off. By the third listen, guaranteed, look out, yer hooked. Metal rap, it's here, it's happenin, and it's way cool. What's cooler is that these guys combine everything from pretty, pretty piano to "yo dude lets mosh" speed metal. Singer man Chuck split to find his/her inner-self. No biggie cuz new man Michal Patten is waitin. In singer guy mode he's like what Geddy Lee woulda been if he wasn't so annoying. In rap mode Anthony from the **Chili Peppers** comes to mind, but Mike is Mike and he's way cool. The musical styles is what blows me away. There's a lot of different songs, styles, and sounds on this disc. Speaking of which, buy the cassette or the CD cuz it's got two extra trax. *War Pigs* bein one of them, right arm. Anyway, ya got stuff on this that actually could be played on the radio (who cares, I know) but then ya got *Surprise your Dead* which is guaranteed to bang that head that doesn't bang. The band is way solid, totally great riffs with some pretty wacky bass sounds, and a really cool use of keyboards for a change. Trust moi, if yer relatively open-minded, buy this, you won't be disappointed. (Slash Records, P.O.B. 48888, Los Angeles, CA. 90048)

Patates Serge

Fastway *On Target*

I'm gonna leave out the fact that Fast Eddie Clark of **Motorhead** world is in this band. I'm gonna take 'em on *Fastway* value alone. Paul won't let me give you any background

ON THE RECORD

info, so deal with it. The press release for the new album basically says "look out Bon Jovi and wimpy rock band their type facsimilie of's. *Fastway* is in town and they're all out of bubble gum." Well, big deal. Eddie is the only dude left. He recruited Lea Hart (from Lea Hart and the roll-ups, yikes) on vocals and yer standard dial-a-hairbag rock band, avec keyboards. This album has no edge whatsoever. I didn't even once go "wow that's cool." There's no personality, energy, or originality. If yer a solid 10 or 11 years old and had grown up with the sounds of Nana Mouskouri and Zamphir then, ok, it could be a heavy album for ya. Otherwise, forget it. Overbearing keyboards, uninteresting gitter (sorry Ed), 10 foot thick background vocals, YUK. I hate to slag Fast Eddie but dude, you blew it. (Enigma, P.O.B. 3628 Culver city California 90231 3628)

Patates Serge



Various, *"It Came From Canada #5"*

Well, OG Records has come out with yet another *It Came From Canada* compilation (number five this time), and like all good sequels, this one is beginning to sound generic. The songs contain dry, witty lyrics, with just enough cynicism to be called 'social comment' in polite party circles. The music which accompanies these lyrics is the 'sixties sound' wrapped up in the 'garage band' attitudes of the seventies. In other words, a lot of these bands sound like **Deja Voodoo**, which isn't derogatory, but you can easily tell why they're all featured on an *OG* compilation. There are several cuts which stand out on their own merits. **The Desmonds' Bureaucrat From Hell** has a New York '77 sound to it. **Chris Houston's Stupid T.V. Christians** has the type of twangy country beat to that makes you want to stomp on your T.V. set whenever Jim and Tammy come on. Even **The Gruesomes** (not my favorite band) have a live track which sounds like a studio recording, and shows what a polished sound they've developed. **Ripcordz** rock on with one of the better-produced tracks called *Long Dark Train*, and Paul Gott's guitar snarls

viciously. **64 Funnycars' Boathouse** has a solid production and tight harmonies, and really rounds out this album. (Og Music, Box 182, Station F, Mtl., Que., H3J 2L1)

Android

Ras Michael and the sons of Negus, *Rastafari Dub*

Great dub. This was made by remastering the original vinyl because the original tape master was no more. It was first recorded in '72 in Jamaica and was released in a very limited pressing making it unavailable for 16 years. Now Ras Michael has released it as a crucial dub complete with the ticks and scratches from the original vinyl. Performing on this tape are **Robbie Shakespeare**, **Earl (China) Smith**, **Tommy McCook**, **Geoffrey Chung**, and **Peter Tosh**, none of whom have ever sounded as fresh as they do on this recording. (ROIR, Suite 411, 611 Broadway, New York, NY, USA 10012).

Bery

10,000 Maniacs, *Blind Man's Zoo*

Nine-song LP sounds more pop-folk than ever by getting rid of all distortion on their sound, rending it more commercially-oriented than before. They drag in the trendy new sound of the 90's folk which has cut the aggressive edge off the late-80's spiky guitar. Nevertheless, they don't stop their musical development. Maybe this album is just a stepping stone till their next album, giving them time to get a better engineer to help bring out the band's energy they used to have on their earlier recordings. (WEA)

Bery

Everyday Is A Holiday Compilation

It's 30 years since Buddy Holiday kicked the bucket. This is a tribute to Buddy by Patrick Mathé of New Rose with bands on that label. The **Lolitas** play *Not Fade Away* driving along with electric vibrations enough to make Buddy swing in his coffin. We also hear the **Classic Ruins** on *Love's Made A Fool Of You* keeping the sound 60's American 'billies. **Chris Spedding** takes *It's So Easy* and makes it into a Spedding-trade-mark tune. Overall, it's a fresh and fun fun fun album, clean and happy, and worth buying no matter what you like or what condition your condition is in. (New Rose/MCA)

Bery

Girlschool *Take a Bite*

In the beginning **Girlschool** was fursure the heaviest female band around. Then, omigosh, omigod they became Americanized. Ya know, wimpy rock songs about plugging dudes, getting loaded, and driving cars. Fear not cuz **Girlschool** is back. They've been taking some AC/DC lessons, and

A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK



by **BURNT BARFETT**

For many, neighbors are a constant source of inspiration and adoration; providing endless hours of common sense advice, informed opinions and juicy youthful anecdotes. For others they're a cheap convenient source of basic food stuffs. From the rickety cradle of youth the concept of neighbors and neighborliness is belted into us by over-bearing intellectually stagnant parents. How often have you heard the claustrophobic and nightmarish suburban question: "What would the neighbors think?" It has always been my experience to raise another more important question. Namely, "Do the neighbors think? And if so, why do they spend good money on such tacky lawn furniture?"

At one point in life we've all been a neighbor and, whether we liked it or not, been subject to haphazard speculation and analysis between the thick plaster barriers that divide abodes.

Let's use the microscope of our minds to examine one of the teeming multitudes of "Urban Legends" revolving around that ever intriguing animal known as - the neighbor. (If you don't have a "microscope of the mind" you can use any old magnifying lens or a really round glass). An in-depth examination of urban legends always turns out to be about as exciting as a tour through a hydroponic alfalfa factory. But, hey, let's do it anyway.

Legend #1: An unassuming young gentleman (more often than not named Ralph) innocently struts across his hall to borrow a cup of sugar from a not so innocent buxom lust machine next door (more often than not named Candy). As the legend goes, Ralph emerges with not only sugar but a few cookies and a big piece of candy. Profitable? Yes. But true...? Well after months of exhaustive attempts at reliving the legend, I gave up. The closest I came to finding a buxom lust machine was an elderly stamp collector who still wore his name tag from "Mike's Spice Emporium". I was also hospitalized for a major sucrose overdose while desperately trying to run out of sugar.

Competition between neighbors is also legendary, but whether it exists or not is questionable. All of my neighbors have such bad taste that it's impossible not to "keep up with the Joneses." In fact, surpassing them is more often than not as easy as owning a set of cutlery that matches.

Everybody has their fantasy neighbor. My fantasy is to have a high profile neighbor—i.e. a doctor—invite him over for dinner and during the second course point to the inside of my throat and say, "Gee Doc, ya know I got this really annoying growth right here and I wonder if you can take a look at it?" But I bet that happens all the time.

Neighbors from the world of rock 'n roll are often an interesting bunch of wacky delusional freaks—so let's take a look at some. First off, on the cover of the *The Real McCoy* by **The Silencers** is one neighbor you could never forget. He's a grainy and wrinkled drinking buddy who you'd probably spend too much time with talking about how much he sounds like Denis Hopper.

On the cover of **The Dispossessed's** album entitled *Sister Mary* we see what it might be like living next to psychiatric ward. Mary is obviously suffering from the common schizophrenic-evil-twin disease contemplates horrible acts with her doll. Who strangely enough resembles Mary. Whoo weird huh!! Real Spooky!!

Now my favorite, **The Hodads** new album, *Routine Quand le Soleil...* (don't ask, probably a quote from some obscure french writer type). These are the kind of neighbors who you could borrow three cups of sugar off and they'd probably forget about it. If fact they look so nice I bet they'd throw in a few fresh vegetables, some wheat and their first born. The kind of neighbors who you invite to your party because you don't want to disturb them and they end up staying up till dawn discussing the latest tofu recipes.

One last quickie, on **Doug Orton's** latest, *Louise in Paris* the guys look like the type who come over, drink all your wine, and eat all your food all the while playing silly instruments in an attempt to distract you.

Well that's all for me, "Would ya be, Could ya be, my neighbor!"

(Hey, **BURNT**, what about that damned Bar-B-Q?—ed.)

what's even cooler is that they write their own toons. They've been spendin less time tryin to make their hair big and been workin on some serious riffs. That is more than I can say for a lot of dude rock bands nowadays anyway. They're still 'singing about plugging dudes and getting loaded, but that's cool. I can deal with it. There's some filler and it's pretty cheezy but the rock solid toons kick butt. **Cris Bonnacci** is a glitter wank straight from the depths of hell and **Kim McAuliffe** sings so hard she sounds like she's gonna yak up a lung or somthin. All in all it's not too bad. Fursure their one of the most wailin' female rock bands around. What the world needs is a female **Metallica**. Bonjour. (*Enigma Records*, P.O.B. 3628, Culver City, CA. 90231 3628)

Patates Serge

Barren Cross, *State Of Control*
Mid-70's hard rock revival stage band. Deep Purple. David Lee Roth, Robert Plant, Black Sabbath... put a sock in it. (*Enigma/Capitol*)

Bery

MFC Bruire, *Le Barman a Tort de Sourire*
This record sounds like the music in those NFB animated short films where a whole bunch of cartoon squiggles dance around. It's experimental stuff, touching a whole lot of currently-locally-popular bases (like the influence of Indonesian Gamelan music). This is mostly a one-man (MF Coté) project with lots of guests helping out, but better than that sounds. The cover and some of the songs have a nice sense of whimsy and style, which rub up against the ponderous, sometimes self-conscious lyrics. Other good points: 18 songs, a nice package, and good production by Robert Langlois. (*Ambiances Magnetiques*, C.P. 263, Succursale "E", Montreal H2T 3A7)

Gerard Van Herk

The Rainmakers, *The Good News and the Bad News*

Good-time pickup-truck shotgun-rack rock 'n' roll, like the Blasters meet the Georgia Satellites. You know, the kind of songs where the video's kinda grainy and has lots of shots of the band playing in a pool hall and midwestern exteriors and women from Labatt's commercials and a big drum sound. Strangely likable nonetheless, but only for a couple of tunes. The review copy says "Lent for Promotional Use Only...Subject to Return Upon Demand By Owner." Does this mean Polygram can bust into Paul Gott's house in ten years and demand their record back? Give it to them, Paul. It's not worth doing the time. (*Polygram*, 810 Seventh Avenue, New York, NY 10019, USA)

Gerard Van Herk

Laibach, "Ich Liebe Die Schauspieler, Nicht Die Menschen"

I went to Slovenia, whence come Laibach, this past Spring. It's a really nice place with friendly people and great pastry. I met the people who put out Laibach's first record. They have to apply to the government for vinyl rationing points every time they want to release a record. Now that Laibach's records are produced in the west, they can afford to waste all the vinyl they want. I don't mean that this whole record is a waste, just that there aren't enough ideas or interesting sounds to support 150 grams of plastic. Lots of drum machines, crowd-noise samples, and other filler water down good stuff like the horn riff on *Panorama* (the Perry Mason theme goes Eurobeat!) or the grungy guitar on *Die Liebe*. (*Wax Trax*, 1659 N. Damen Ave, Chicago, IL 60647, USA)

Gerard Van Herk

Michael Martin Murphey, *Land of Enchantment*

Well, of course it's fake! It's top 40 Nashville country! It's supposed to be fake! Ol' MMM's about 40, wears a beard and a tight t-shirt, and has his album cover photo taken by his wife. You can hear echoes of cool

stuff here (Carl Mann, Jerry Lee Lewis, kitsch jazz, and real country), but it tends to get drowned in overproduction and overshadowed by the Songs That Are Going To Be Released As Singles, which are uniformly awful. *Land of Enchantment*, one of the better songs here, is "The Official State Ballad of the State of New Mexico." Gee. No wonder those lawmakers have no time for gun control or affirmative action down there—They're busy with important stuff like this. (*WEA*)

Gerard Van Herk

East Bay Ray, *Trouble in Town*

Don't get it just 'cause he used to be in the DKs. Get it for the twangy guitar sound on these mostly-instrumentals. But don't get it at all unless you get it cheap, 'cause there's awful drum machine on side 2, and only four songs, two of which are the same song and one of which is the Wedding March. (*Gougnaf MVT*, 35 rue Burdeau, 69001 Lyon, France/Cargo)

Gerard Van Herk

Les Satellites, *Riches et Celebres*

Pretty darn good! When I saw the cover I thought, "Oh no! More bad funnypunk by guys from France with five o'clock shadow." Well, that's true, but there are also great rhythm riffs, a swingin' horn section, touches of ska and even funk danceability, and some decent satire. There's a lyric sheet enclosed, which is pretty handy. The record only occasionally descends into pee-pee ca-ca style humour, and the band manages to draw from a variety of styles while still keeping their own identity. (*Bondage*, 17 rue de Montreuil, 75011 Paris, France/New Rose/Cargo)

Gerard Van Herk

Russ Tolman, *Down in Earthquake Town*

Rock songwriter stuff from the guy who was in True West. In a Lou Reed/Jerry Jerry/Chris Houston/Violent Femmes vein, but poppier. Better than the stuff you hear on the radio, but worse than the stuff you don't. Sure to be a big hit with those stupid American "college radio as a stepping stone to a career in the music industry" types you can't avoid at the New Music Seminar. (*Skyclad*, 6 Valley Brook Drive, Middlesex, NJ 08846, USA)

Gerard Van Herk

Magic Muscle, "One Hundred Miles Below"

Ordinary 70s rock. Unless you're a Pink Fairies (or Twink or Huw Gower) completist, I can't see why you'd want to buy this. Only six songs, recorded live, ugly cover, no distinguishing features. (*Skyclad*, 6 Valley Brook Drive, Middlesex, NJ 08846, USA)

Gerard Van Herk

Excel, *The Joke's On You*

Excel are one of the many outstanding bands born from the nest of **Suicidal Records**. This second release manages to outdue their *Split Image* debut by leaps and bounds. Production is much better this time around but not so much as to lose the rawness like so many hardcore bands do when they "crossover." Great cover of *Message in a bottle* too. (*Virgin Records Canada*)

John Coinner

Laaz Rockit, *Annihilation Principle*

I've always hated this band's name. Laaz Rockit. What is that? Some kind of extraterrestrial laxative? Until now my dislike of their name also included their music. On this most recent effort however they have jumped on the thrash metal bandwagon and hung on pretty well. There's not much that can be said. It'd your basic metal up the ass. If you like **Testament** and **Flotsam** you'll probably like *Annihilation Principle*. They even try being punk by covering the D.K.s standard *Holiday In Cambodia*, but as is the case with most metal bands that cover hardcore songs, they fail miserably. (*Enigma Records/Capitol*)

John Coinner

The Lemmings, *Walk On Air*

From the look of the cover—basic black with the four members sort of silhouetted against it—the album looks boring. Once you rip off the plastic and open the lid to the turntable and drop the disc on, you realize that it isn't boring, just dull. Unoriginal pop yet quite danceable so you can bet they have a sizeable following in Boston but don't really sway too many reviewers who are more interested in the content rather than the contest (the audience watching each other). A marginal piece of vinyl in the whole scheme of things. (*The Lemmings*, P.O. Box 756, Dover, MA., 02030)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell



Asexuals, *Dish*

Okay, I've ragged on this band for years because of their live shows where they do silly 70s covers. Then they put out an album that sorta forgets those live shows. *Dish* is their third album, but the first that has T.J. Collins leading the way as vocalist and on guitars instead of bass. It really is a new band. For those who haven't progressed (or regressed, depending on who you talk to) in their musical tastes, then don't expect *Dish* to sound like *Be What You Gotta Be* or *Contemporary World*. *Dish* is the grown-up version of those two albums. T.J. sounds a lot like **Bryan Adams** on a lot of the songs (the title track and *Throw Me A Line* especially) but the band rocks harder than Bryan Adams ever did. Again the title track is the standout with its guitars leading the way, but it has a nice touch with the horns jumping out of the production during the chorus. The Asexuals' third is a winner almost all round, you could sorta hang this album up on a silver platter (I promised I wouldn't do that). (*Cargo Records*, 747A Guy St., Montreal, PQ, H3J 1T6)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Zulus, *Down On the Floor*

With most of the bands now coming out of the States sounding either like **REM**, the **Replacements**, **Husker Du**, or **Aerosmith**, you know a Bob Mould-produced album will fit in perfectly with one of these categories. Well, ya know what, side one ain't like that. What ya got on side one is what could best be described as **Carole Pope** (remember her?) singing in front of a droning, meandering pop band. The second side picks up with Carole Pope rejoining us for a jam with **Husker Du**. It picks up ferociously and rarely slows down. Much more powerful a side but it just doesn't pick the album up enough to save it. (*Slash Records*, P.O. Box 48888, Los Angeles, CA., 90048)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Michael E. Johnson & The Killer Bees, *Live In Berlin*

Now the press release said this was America's answer to **UB40**; not a chance. The Killer Bees may sound really cool, but Austin, Texas' answer to irie loses it once that Michael E. Johnson character starts singing. ROIR tapes should try releasing a dub version of this, then we'd get the band shining through instead of some anemic singer trying to wail his way over good stuff. Wait for a dub copy, or better yet, make your own. (*ROIR*, suite 411, 611 Broadway, NY NY 10012)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Disco Tex and His Sex-O-Lettes, *Get*

Dancin'

Believe it or not, disco is back, this time not in the guise of house music. This tape is a re-issue of an album from 1975 that was a precursor to what we once called disco. The eleven pieces of "music" on the tape are campy, lousy, and just plain shit (the liner notes even tell us that), but I keep playing it for people. One wonders what lurks in the minds of people whose job it is to release such tapes. (*ROIR, suite 411, 611 Broadway, NY, NY, 10012*)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Daniel Johnston, Yip Music

I've reviewed some weird albums before and this one will go onto that list. This is a debut album by some guy out of Austin. He constantly loses the rhythm to some songs and he has a voice that at times is a cross between D.J. Leibovitz and Janis Joplin. This album is a joke, right?...I get it. Songs include *Casper the Friendly Ghost* and *King Kong*. Once you read the song title you can tell what the song is about—no hidden messages here. All alone on an acoustic guitar, this is the type of guy you'd hear in the subway and stop and listen to and shake your head but won't give him money in case he gets encouraged. (*4716 Depew Ave., Austin, Texas, 78751*)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Pere Ubu, Cloudland

This is supposedly an album that is commercial for this band, at least that's what I was warned. It's certainly not commercial... maybe for them it is, but not for most people. Some of the songs are great, the fantastic *Waiting For Mary* is probably the most listened-to song on my turntable at the moment, but the album lacks in consistency. Six producers and a couple of studios ruin the record. The best songs are the four produced by some guy named Stephen Hague which feature a lot of background noise and seem to have a lot going on. The other ten songs are slow dirge, not really worth of mention.

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Beausoleil, Bayou Cadillac

I love this stuff and this album reinforces that appreciation. Beausoleil is a stir fry of Louisiana cajun swampy bayou stuff. It's the ultimate in party music, a killer to jump to, dance to, and of course drink to. Covers on the album include the old blues classic *Baby Please Don't Go*, and old rock standards *Not Fade Away* and *Bo Diddley*. You have been warned—this is a fantastic album. But who am I? You can find this record on three different labels. (*Rounder Records/Stony Plain/WEA*)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Bodeans, Home

Home, eh? Is it because this album was done in their native Wisconsin or is it for some other reason? This is a band I've always heard about and thought I would enjoy but never heard too much from. Home sounds like a pretty good start. They sound in the Springsteen/Mellencamp vein with a lot of Rolling Stones thrown in. A lot of the album was written in motel rooms across the country and not in the sterile studio sound that many bands of their style seem to favor. The two songs *Far Far Away From My Heart* and *Beaujolais* could easily have been outtakes from Mellencamp's new album. (*WEA*)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Marshall Crenshaw, Good Evening

Now here's a guy who's never surprised me. I have four of his albums and they all sound alike. Eighties style Buddy Holly/Tex-Mex/guitar rock with a New York feel to it. He is a clever songwriter, but after a while he's starting to sound just as nerdy as he looks. All I can say is ten more from Crenshaw, but just the usual.

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

State of the Union, Various

I like some of this record. It's up and down like most various artist deals. The theme seems to be a consciousness/awareness thing. There's a 12-page booklet with the copy I got. The range of material is diverse. From great vocal/art/acoustic to really garagey punk. A lot of the bass sounds glassy. Production values vary widely and some of the songs seem to have been mastered more loudly than others. There is much more good stuff than bad. Listen for *King Face*, *Soulside*, *Fugazi* and a weird one from *Scream*. (*Dischord Records, 3819 Beecher Street, N.W., Washington D.C. 20007*)

Ewan MacDonald

The Weathermen, Bang

I dislike this record. Is this a valid theory?: Passion equals perspiration. No one sweated to make this record therefore passion will not be heard. This record contains stupid songs about violence fetishes, a human BMW and hatred in an office. Blecky synthesizers prevail. Yuck. (*Play It Again Sam Records, 2445 N. Lincoln Ave. Chicago, Ill, USA 60614*)

Ewan MacDonald



Sebastian, Sebastian

I feel bad that I don't like this record. The lyrics are somewhat interesting with a Punk slant. The words are not stupid. The band plays a mix of rock and punk and reggae but none of it the way I like. I'm guessing they were trying for a gravelly bass but instead they got a congested sinuous sound. Clean or distorted guitars, okay drums and a bit of reverb everywhere—nothing special. (*Cabbage Town Records, 111 Marlowe Ave., East York, Ontario M4J 3V2*)

Ewan Macdonald

Free For All Compilation

Three tracks each from *Token Entry*, *Wrecking Crew*, *Rest in Pieces* and *No For An Answer*. If my favourite way to eat records was raw, then I guess this one tasted medium-rare. It's a live thing from CBGB's. All four bands were recorded extremely well—guitars are distorted, drum sounds are good, some of the bass sounds were great, and the lyrics were a little bit hard to distinguish but came off anyway. I liked *Wrecking Crew*, the band with the skate song, most. (*Hawker Records, 225 Lafayette St., Suite 709, New York, NY, USA 10012*)

Ewan Macdonald

Fugazi, Margin Walker

Another offering from Ian MacKaye's latest genius band, surprisingly soon after the release of the first EP earlier this year. Although the tunes on this slab don't reach the pulsing height of the mindblowing *Waiting Room* off the first EP, there's still enough served here to grind your mandibles to. I'm thinking that the thematic key here is Anger—ultimate frustration with life, society, consumerism, apathy, violence, self-destruction... like the song says, "Action. Reaction!" MacKaye is still the straight-edge revolutionary, powerful, not quiet, letting it all out through the searing lyrics, and backed by a very strong band. *Promises*, *And The Same*, and the title track are reason enough to own this record by one of the most crucial post-hardcore bands to come along in a while. A definite must-have till we can see them live. (*Dischord Rec-*

ords, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington, DC, 20007)

Lorrie



Suzi Quatro, Baby You're A Star

So what's the next best thing to getting the new *Joan Jett* album in the mail? Why, getting something brand new from Suzi Quatro of course. For those who didn't catch Suzi as "Leather Tuscadero" on *Happy Days* (something sure to end anyone's musical career), she was the Queen of Glam Rock back when Guns 'n Roses were trying to impress girls by playing Uriah Heep and Mountain covers. This LP? Well, there's only four tunes (including a damn extended mix), and there's keyboards (ugh!) mixed way too high along with the drums, and the guitars are buried. Horrible? Not quite—the tunes are still rockin'. Suzi's still got the style, it's just been buried. Obviously this is just an attempt to sell her to some Big Record Company and sell some records to restart her career. So: Everyone Buy This Record so all these record execs'll stop meddling with her sound, and the next record'll be great... Maybe. (*Teldec/WEA*)

Paul Gott

Chris & Cosey, Trust

This electro-progressive couple haven't changed their sound much with this album. But they have developed a fresher emotive sound, musically lighter combined with a gritty lyrical sexuality lost somewhere between eroticism and pornofactive. The title track is sensual with smooth whispers, ending quickly and leaving us wanting more. Each listen reveals more sound textures, bits and pieces that drift behind the music. More potentially commercial musically, but it won't make the Tops of the Pops because they maintain their originality. And because of those lyrics. The best album for horny people everywhere. (*Netwerk/Capitol*)

Bery

Martin L. Gore, Counterfeit e p.

Mini 6-track EP. Fresh folk, electro instruments and beaten drum skins—a weird combination. He interprets six tunes from poets who write nebulous, day-dreaming texts. Musically, it reminds me of Depeche Mode. All in all, it's an involved production that could attract and please nubile fans out of their tight grain. (*WEA*)

Bery

f. *Machine, Here Comes the 21st Century* USA rock 'n roll beasts yowling and torturing guitar chords tightly through agitated and not-so-agitated tunes. Horn fats like circus seals excited with a new toy appear on a couple of tracks. Tight performers—three's company with guitar, keyboard programmer and drumskins assisted by some friends blowing pipes here and there. For sure they worked on getting their own rockin' sound. From clubs to dancing halls—the best boogaloo to be heard on a Saturday night in Chicoutimi (if they ever find the place). (*WEA*)

Bery

Yo. Send them freebies to:
RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421,
Station H, Montreal, H3G 2N4.
Bribes are accepted, but won't
change the review.

FILLER



by Warren "Mr. Toronto" Campbell

On the first night of the recent RearGarde benefit, E.J. Brulé walked up to me and thrust his newest cassette into my hands. *Freedom of Speech* is that tape. What follows is somewhat between a review and an opinion piece on that tape.

For those who don't know, Brulé describes himself as an alternative scat singer but some non-readers of RearGarde might even know him as an occasional performer at comedy clubs across the country. He's even been known to swing shows at both a comedy club and at a concert hall.

The first thing I notice about *Freedom of Speech* is after opening the slick packaging (A glossy cover and a wallet size picture of EJ) at the top of the song list, in little tiny letters, is "Hello, and welcome to my tape." Come on, gimme a break E.J., that's not you... if you were on the phone or in person, you would say it like the written equivalent of a billboard.

Brulé's newest tape is a 13 piece collage of new and old. Side one is Brulé at his finest as he uses his vibrating lips to provide both a background and the lead noises on three new tracks (*Victauralville*, *Jean-Talon Metro* & *Samplification*) as well as three older tracks (*Freedom of Speech*, *Diamonds Come From South Africa* & *War On Drugs*).

This tape, not unlike his others, features the usual spitting, thumping, farting, blowing, ba-dum-dum noises that nobody else—I mean nobody else—does or probably can do. The title track features Brulé's lips blown through "an old Marshall amp." The sound is somewhat akin to standing next to a passing freight train with a jammed highway 20 on the other side (sorry for the local reference there).

The choice of *Freedom of Speech* as the lead track on the tape is perfect as it gets you prepared for the rest of the tape through the quadruplet set of lines just before the chorus:

*I know what I like, I know what I hate
My opinions are revealed, When my lips vibrate*

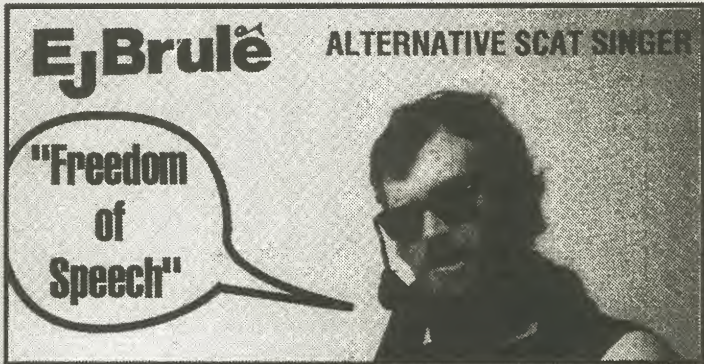
Now E.J. ain't the greatest singer in the world but even if he didn't say one word through most of the songs he would show the same energy level as his songs now do. One example is his ironic piece on why he couldn't get married *Diamonds Come From South Africa*—ironic because he just had a very public wedding in front of several thousand people at the recent Just For Laughs comedy festival.

Diamonds... could be a dance floor smash if some hot producer got his hands on the knobs while Brulé was on the other side of the glass doing his shit. With it's driving, energetic beat and its catchy chorus, this could be his ticket out of self-produced cassette hell.

He keeps on the 80s political track with *War On Drugs*. This could be his companion piece or an answer song to *Mojo Nixon's I Ain't Gonna Piss In No Jar*:
*Ya like your job, Ya think you're great
Ya wanna keep it, Ya have to urinate*

The rest of side one is his attempts at trying something different. *Victauralville* and *Samplification* are both weird, almost completely instrumental attempts at Brulé art. *Samplification* I found to be a totally self-indulgent mess that could be best described as dub-alterna-scat stuff.

The other track on side one is something along the lines of *Tom Waits' Frank's Wild Years*. Not that *Jean Talon Metro* sounds like Waits' cigarette and whiskey



tale, but Brulé's piece does make you feel as if you were in the room listening to him tell the story. Even after many listens, the story still sounds fresh. His ability to mimick certain sound effects like cars peeling away and juju music playing in the background adds more to the story than even his down-to-earth lisp-laden narration.

I've concentrated on side one of the tape because the other side features his standards performed live in a producer's living room. The crowd of "30 friends" are definitely loyal fans as the constant chanting of "E.J. E.J. E.J. ..." would make even the most popular athlete or rock star green with envy.

While I'm not exactly a huge fan of the second side, it does have its moments, sorta like a bootleg tape. The energy level is certainly there and even with the splices it does sound like you're in the room with him. (Just wave the included picture of him on front of your face for maximum effect).

This side would probably appeal more to the audience that will go see him in a comedy club—you get some of his funnier songs (*Killer Whale Attack* and his first smash *My Baby Ran Off With A Carrot*) as well as some witty repartee between himself and the living room audience.

Look, if you want something different this is it as it's probably the only tape to come out in the next little while that won't be influenced by Aerosmith or some other 70's-era band. His music is both original, incorporating the sound of the beat poets, bop, rap and hardcore, Brulé gives us not only his *Freedom of Speech* but our freedom to listen (and enjoy).

E.J. Brulé, P.O. Box 952, Outremont Station, Montreal, Quebec, H2V 4R8.

PHOTO: Rob Ben (Top left photo: Shawn Scallen)

BLAST

Here you go, we want an interview, and we get Two. And, in the great democratic tradition at RearGarde, we print both of them. Complementary stories, or something like that...

By Suzanne

Clifford, Bill, Mike and Ron. Those boys of Blast. Say it like a metal frontman. Bullast. They say the apostrophe is there to break up the word, fill in the space. I think it's there because secretly we all want to be speed metal frontmen.

The label. The label is SST. Explanation?

"Dukowski and Ginn had been turning up at a couple of our shows. We were being booked by Global and we had given Chuck and Greg a Power of Expression tape. That was distributed by Greenworld and they ended up going under. We kind of asked Chuck for help and he said he'd talk to his people. He came through. We went into the studio and we're still going fairly strong."

Santa Cruz skateboards. Decks that have always had my respect. You just can't beat them for nondelamination. Half the band work for the company. Been skating since way back. Since good old days in which nobody was worried about hurting themselves.

On simultaneous good old days, they were listening to Black Flag, 999, Avengers, Cheap Trick, B-52's, Devo. AHHH. Those good old days.

They think their new album has more direction. And are concerned with capturing some of the live performance onto albums. "Stuff just happens. You have to grab a hold of it while it's there because soon it's going to be gone. We try to direct it a bit while it's happening. Still a smack in the balls, or the equivalent thereof. But you can groove with us now. Because we actually let a part exist nowadays to let people grasp it before it changes. I don't know. Let's just stress that people see us live!"

How about bootlegs? "Well they could capture something spontaneous. It's probably only a total fan who would do it. And if they're that into it. It wouldn't bother us."

And would Clifford ever stop monopolizing the conversation? You know how singers get. Especially those euphoric ones. Intense guy. Intense band. Like he says. See them live.

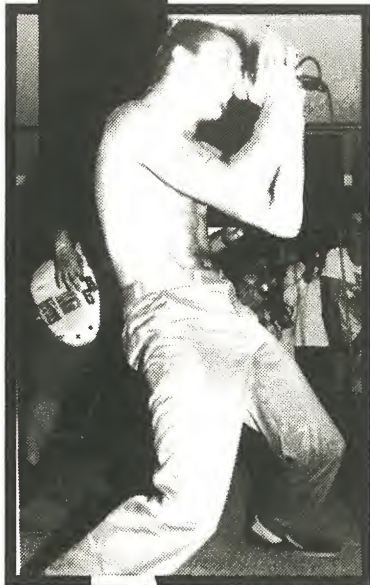
After much hesitation on whether or not we will be able to do our interview with probably my (Neil) favorite band and probably not Steve's favorite band we were shoved into this small and stinky van in which we were to do our BLAST interview. This is basically how it went

RearGarde: How's the tour going?

Blast: It's going strange. We've been on the road for about a week, five shows—Salt Lake, Kansas City, Minneapolis and Toledo—it's been kind of strange.

RearGarde: Any problems at the border? Blast: I guess it was pretty smooth but it took a lot of time you know to pay money and stuff like that.

RearGarde: Enough generic stuff. What's the reason for doing three different ver-



sions of *Look Into Myself* or are they all different songs?

Blast: Oh that. Well, *Look Inside* is a different song. We were pressed for time and the name made sense so we used it. It's not *Look Into Myself*—we did two versions of that. For *The Power of Expression* LP it was a really new song, something beyond us at that point, so we weren't really satisfied with it. So we did it again on our second LP.

RearGarde: Is there a significance to the name Blast?

Blast: It just seemed appropriate.

RearGarde: We heard rumour that it stood for "Be loyal and stay true."

Blast: That was like a joke thing that like our old guitarist had but like I mean Blast seems like an appropriate name for what we do physically and musically.

RearGarde: How do you guys feel about that Black Flag clone thing you've been pegged with?

Blast: Every band is entitled to their influences. But we think we take a lot more abuse for having a particular influence. I think a lot of bands' influences come from a whole formula thing—you know like many

of those generic hardcore or speedmetal bands around, they are just so formulized that they can't expand any further than that. It seems a lot more respectable to be influenced by one or two bands like Flag and Sabbath than to be some big blurr of every other formula type band that exists.

RearGarde: What about the Alice Cooper cover?

Blast: Oh we just did that for fun, while recording *It's in my blood*.

RearGarde: So it has nothing to do with an influence on your music?

Blast: No, our influences are a lot more varied than people think. We tend to check out a lot of different stuff.

RearGarde: Did you guys take a lot of flak for the Black Flag thing?

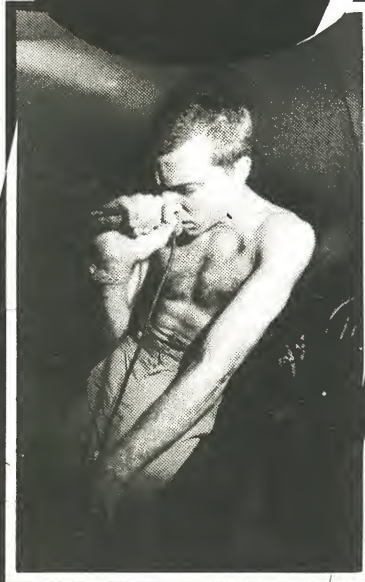
Blast: It kind of mellowed out as soon as they put us on their label.

RearGarde: Did that help you guys get on SST?

Blast: No, not really. We were talking to Chuck when Greenworld Records went under and were asking him for some ideas on labels to hit up when he said we should ask SST because they would probably be into doing the record. He said they would just have to check things out, and a couple of weeks later we were doing *It's in my blood* for SST and soon after that we did our new LP *Take the Manic Ride*.

RearGarde: How does it feel to be the only so called hardcore band that's still doing stuff on SST?

Blast: It feels pretty good, but at other times I think that's why we get a lot of shit. There's so many bands out there trying to be an SST band and they get really resentful towards us. I guess they feel that "Why, when we try so hard to sound like *Dinosaur* of the meat puppets, do these guys who don't get on SST?" especially since they



feel that they are doing the correct thing and Blast is not.

RearGarde: Why does *It's in my blood* sound like a complete rush job?

Blast: It kind of was in a weird way. We kind of got screwed over by our second guitarist at the time who was only in the band for a short period of time, so after he left Mike had to go over and play all the second guitar parts which wasn't something we had planned on. Now if we had the chance to go over and do the album again we would.

RearGarde: The artwork on the new LP (*Take the Manic Ride*) is very reminiscent of Raymond Pettibond's stuff on the later Black Flag LP covers.

Blast: We never heard that one before.

RearGarde: Who did the art work?

Blast: Justin Forbes—he does stuff for Santa Cruz skate boards and he just wanted

to do our cover for the LP, we gave the LP concept and that's what he came up with. It tends to remind us more of some sort of skate graphics rather than Pettibond's stuff. The guys down at SST were totally stoked on the cover of the LP and we were pretty surprised with what Justin came up with.

RearGarde: If you could be invisible for one day what would you do?

Blast: We could think of a lot of things to do, but most likely we would like to mess with the music industry—it's so screwed up right now. All that counts is how you market yourself, not if you play your music good. SST tried to get us into doing the speed-metal thing which we did try but it just didn't work for us—we're not that kind of band. And now for some reason we seem to be fading out of the hardcore thing, and not by choice either. We feel our music's just as heavy as ever. It just seems that we can't cling to any category any more and it's harder to get people to check you out because people seem so glued to their category of music. Chances are, before people even get a chance to hear the record some dork will write something totally off-the-wall about it saying that its this way or that way, fitting you into some sort of category.

RearGarde: What's the whole story behind the article in *Maximum Rock'n'Roll* about some of you guys being involved in a rape at the Gilman Street Project?

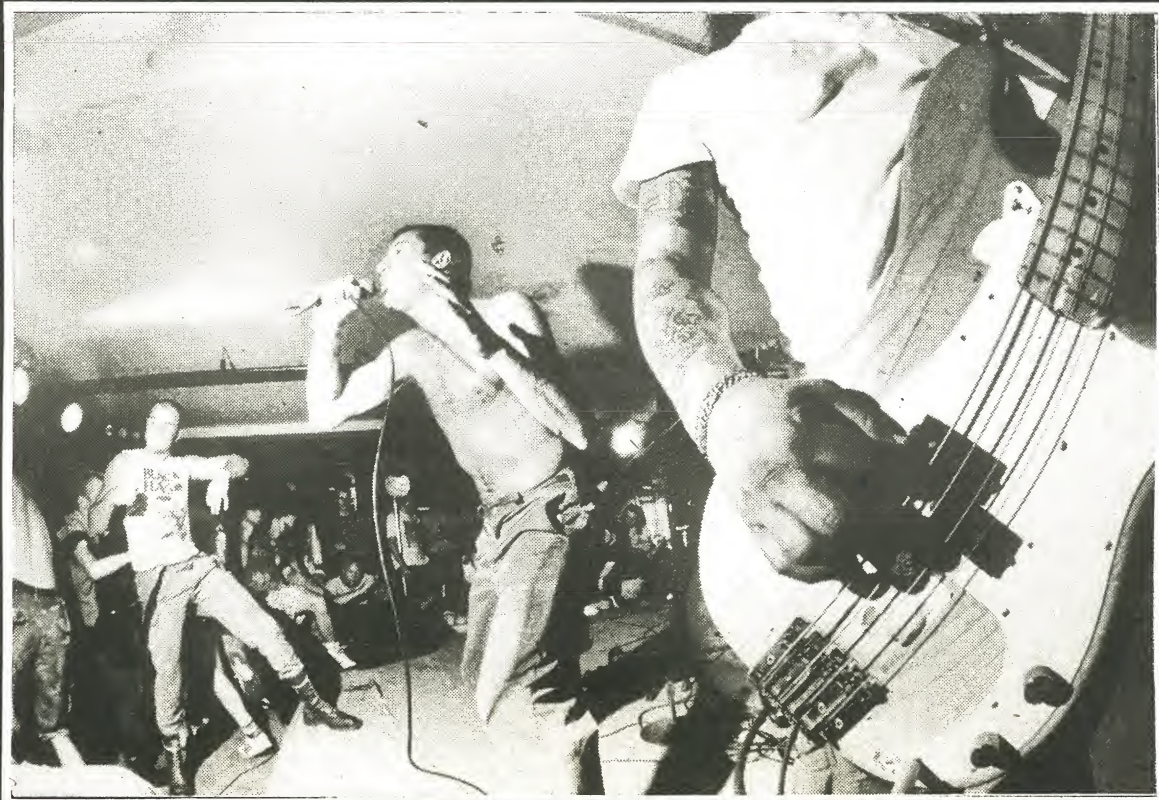
Blast: That's just one of Tim Yohannon's little pranks. He's just basically a bullshitter and an all-round idiot. It's all part of his propaganda he uses the same stupid lies to get across his bogus shit. We were at a show watching our friends band play Mock and we were all really drunk which the club didn't really like too much and the people at MRR never really have supported us since M.A.D. Tim for instance said stuff like "It's good for what it is, but I don't let myself like stuff like that as a rule." Pretty funny coming from Mr. No Rules himself. But back to the question—we were drunk and one of us was fooling around and there were two girls passed out and I guess Tim over-exaggerated the situation because nothing like that even came close to happening. None of us are gonna risk aids just to get off with a couple of passed out girls. And then while we were on tour playing in Boston we read how were rapists and this just left a very bad taste with a lot of our former fans. All it is in reality is just Tim Yohannon's propaganda which has been doing for years. He's just on a major power trip.

RearGarde: Anything new coming out soon?

Blast: We have two LPs coming out soon: One called *Bad Medication*—it's more or less a jam type of LP although it's become a little more solid than we intended, and another LP called *Crazy Glue* which is one step beyond the *Manic Ride* LP. Both hopefully will be on SST.

Blast went on to play probably the best show I've seen since I moved to Toronto nine months ago, despite playing to such a small crowd they did exactly what their name says they do. As far as what Steve felt, I couldn't really tell you.

This interview was conducted by Neil "dead fish" Wiernik and Steve Perry.





STATION 10

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Friday & Saturday, September 8 & 9
10 COMMANDMENTS
plus Guests

Saturday, September 23
E.J. BRULE
with **WAYSTREL**

Thursday, September 28
KLICHÉ

Saturday, September 30
RIPCORDZ record launch
plus **THE HODADS**

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- 7. Out of the Now & Boing
- 10. Wack That Fish
- 11. Battle of the Bands (Finals)
- 12. Fast Forward
- 13. Jam Nite with Rob McDonald
- 14. Bokonon
- 15. Bokomaru
- 16. Midnight
- 17. Trinity
- 18. KGB
- 19. Geri Lee Arie
- 20. Jam Nite with Rick James
- 22. Closing Inn Band
- 23. Mistreated
- 24. The Action
- 25. Valentine Tax
- 26. Wild Frontier
- 27. Jam Nite with Rob McDonald
- 29. Jerry and the Roosters
- OCTOBER 1. Bargain Hunters**
- 2. Victor Mature
- 3. Standing Room Only
- 4. Jam Nite with Rob McDonald
- 5. A-Men
- 6. The Griffins
- 7. Mere Image
- 8. Sunday Night Comedy

WHAT'S UP

UK SUBS play Foufounes on the 16th with Lost Generation & Ripcordz.



Once again, and for the last time, these listings were compiled by Claudia D'Amico and written with a slightly fictional edge by Warren 'Mr. Wonderful' Campbell and we would like to distance ourselves as much as possible from them. Distancing ourselves from Warren won't be too difficult as he's heading down to reside in the depths of southern Ontario from where he'll be doing the T.O. listings. This will be a great relief to the many Montreal bands, clubs and promoters whom he picks on all the time. We would just like to point out on Warren's behalf that, contrary to popular belief, he doesn't hate all Montreal bands. No, he hates all Toronto bands...

You had your chance and blew it. Night two of the recent RearGarde benefit at Foufounes I was there and you could have easily berated me. But no, few did it. Anyways this is my last go-around at the listings in Montreal, that's it. I'm packing it in, from now on I'll be trampling all over the clubs in Ontario as I'll be compiling a full-blown Ontario listings page. Check them out, maybe it'll give you reasons to travel and just see some more of Canada.

Friday, September 1st

American Rock Café: Neon Jingle. Anybody remember the band from Toronto called A Neon Rome? Well this band has no connection to them at all.
Peel Pub: Little Malcolm. Any relation to Big Malcolm?
Rising Sun: I was just telling Paul that I've been offered a ticket to the Rolling Stones and Mango's playing here tonight.
Station Ten: The Druids and the Stratejackets. Two bands from out East whereabouts.
Tycoon: Scraps and the Bargain Hunters. The Scraps are the Darned excluding Donna and the Bargain Hunters are unknown to most of us around here.

Saturday, September 2nd

American Rock Café: Neon Jingle returns.
Rising Sun: Outta shape. Yup that's right it's Benta... hahaha... get the joke everybody, the band doesn't. Must be one of those no-name, no-sense of humour bands.
Station Ten: Portable Ethnic Taxi. What does their name mean anyways? I mean have you ever wondered what PET could mean—think about it for a minute.
Foufounes: The Gruesomes with Les Minstrels. The Gruesomes apparently are without their guitarist (the one who didn't have the moptop when they began) so go on out and check the new Gruesomes. Les Minstrels, just couldn't tell ya.
Tycoon: The guy who runs this place always says my listings are wrong. Well Mr. Tycoon you're the man who gives them out over the phone so keep your mouth shut. Tonight at his restaurant he's got Decades and Mistress, two bands that of course might be wrong but you never know with this guy.

Sunday, September 3rd

American Rock Café: Neon Jingle, not from Toronto.
Rising Sun: Reggae Jamdown session (sorta got everything in there didn't we) with Rhythm (this is the way Claudia spelt this word, Paul would have spelt it like this-rhythm-but then he looked it up in the dictionary and agreed he was wrong meanwhile I wanted to put an at the end of the word so it would look like this rhythym. If you think this was fun

then you should see what we do on Saturday nights) Posse.

Station Ten: Olivers Army. Stealing from an Elvis Costello song, eh... doesn't matter I still like the name. By the way did you hear about Rob Lowe's new movie, it's called "Honey I Fucked the Kids."

Monday, September 4th

Peel Pub: The Lakeshore Rockers. They're back. It's been a while since we've seen them in the downtown area. Hey guys what have you been up to? Has the single been selling? Any fabulous babes going backstage after your shows and just boffing the hell out of you?
Rising Sun: JB Blues Band. What could JB stand for? Jim-Boh. Paul says Jello Biafra and says that he has to go undercover to prevent from being sued. Naw...
Station Ten: Battle of the bands with the Semi-finals. Good, they're almost over.

Tuesday, September 5th

Forum: Tom Petty and the Replacements. I don't know if it's worth \$23.75 to go see the opening band. I've heard a hot rumour that the Replacements have been thrown off the tour.
Peel Pub: Lakeshore Rockers rip the joint up.
Cafe Campus: The Griffins play the first of two nights. Can't say of ever hearing of a band playing two nights in a row at Cafe Campus.
Rising Sun: Dance Hall Reggae stuff with Rhythm Posse.
Station Ten: Johnny Arse and the Dogs woof up it up at ye ole Ten.
Foufounes: Split/Second From Belgium. Fill me in here—ten big ones to go see this band and I've never heard of them. Even more if you don't have foresight and buy your tix at the door and pay twelve bills. Who are they and what are they like?

Wednesday, September 6th

Peel Pub: The Lakeshore Rockers who are not vegetarians.
Cafe Campus: The second of two nights for the Griffins.
Rising Sun: Dance Hall again with Rhythm Posse.
Station Ten: Jam nite with Rick James. Not the same Rick James as the one who did that song about being "a real funky girl"? I think I've asked that before and didn't get a response that time. In fact I never get responses. Why is that? (Nobody reads this stuff, they just look at the pictures—ed.)
Foufounes: Nimrod and Ronghage. Two bands for four big ones.

Thursday, September 7th

American Rock Café: Little Malcolm.
Peel Pub: Lakeshore Rockers who eat lots of meat and therefore get the pain of the animal dying in their bloodstream and come out aggressive. I read that somewhere.
Rising Sun: Dance Hall Reggae with those n-less Posse people.
Spectrum: Francopholie until the 15th of September so I ain't repeating it.
Station Ten: Two big bands. Out of the Now and Boing. Interesting names both of them, and interesting club one of them. You figure it out.
Foufounes: My Dog Popper. Fresh from their two night MC gig at the recent RearGarde benefit the Poppers come back to haunt the stage at the Foufounes joint. I really thought they had finished for good.
Tycoon: Oliver's Army. My fave name for a local band at this point, must be because I like the song so much.

Friday, September 8th

American Rock Café: Little Malcolm. Sorta tongue-tied I am.
Peel Pub: Lakeshore Rockers. will it ever end.
Rising Sun: Mango with special guest, Juliette "Smurfette" Nelson. wow.
Station Ten: Ten Commandments with the Alternative Minstrels, obviously this is the alternative version of the Minstrels who are backing up the Gruesomes.
Foufounes: Just For Laff night. You figure it out.
La Terrasse: Wolfgang.
Le Tycoon: The War Brides whom I just met and seem like nice guys even though I didn't talk to them much but I feel sorry for them because they're a new band and have struggled to make a name for themselves. So come on people, this month is quiet and there's not much going on, instead of having two beers at the UK Subs show have only one and use that money to go see this band. Or if you're only going to see one show this month, go to this one. Not only will the War Brides be playing but they'll also be joined by Portable Ethnic Taxi, The Janisaries and Beyond Black. Four bands for one price. Sorta like Woodstock isn't it?

Saturday, September 9th

American Rock Café: Little Malcolm. What do you expect me to say. (Certainly nothing amusing—ed.)
Peel Pub: The Lakeshore Rockers.
Rising Sun: Mango and Juliette "Smurfette" Nelson.
Station Ten: Ten Commandments and the Griffins who are really making the

rounds this month.

Foufounes: Fifth Column and Seventh Seal. I met a member of Fifth Column at a party once and she was really nice, so go see them, they are a nice band.
Tycoon: Hillbilly Slicksters.

Sunday, September 10th

Club Soda: Sons of Freedom from Vancouver and Change of Heart from Toronto play a benefit for Sun Youth. I wonder if either of these bands know what Sun Youth is. I wonder how many readers of RearGarde know what Sun Youth is. Well you can find out by reading a story in Banned Info that gives you more info on this show. The show is being presented by the people at Brave New Waves and CBC Enterprises, it's free but you have to go to Sun Youth to get the tickets. Read the story, steal a can of food and jump around and act silly. Did anybody notice we have a listing for the Soda—believe me I have no wish for them to make any money out of this. I wonder if the people who run Club Soda know what Sun Youth is.

American Rock Café: Little Malcolm pack it up.

Peel Pub: The Lakeshore Rockers go home.

Rising Sun: Reggae Jamdown with the Posettes.

Station Ten: Whack That Fish. Interesting name, what does it mean?

Foufounes: Ostertag from San Francisco with Derome/Lussier for 8 big ones.

Monday, September 11th

Peel Pub: Randy Peters. I remember when this band used to play Station Ten when it was run by Bambi Productions and they billed themselves as a Punk Rock band. Times change and so does my underwear.
Rising Sun: Blues Monday with Billy Martin and the Soul Jets. Anybody hear that Dallas Green was fired and Bucky Dent replaced him?
Station Ten: Finals of the Battle of the Bands.

Tuesday, September 12th

Forum: Moscow Circus until the 17th so I won't repeat it.
Peel Pub: Randy Peters. Speaking of circuses...
Rising Sun: Posse people, you get the picture.
Station Ten: Fast

Forward.

Wednesday, September 13th

Peel Pub: Randy Peters from Ottawa.
Cafe Campus: Boot Sauce, yum sounds delicious.
Rising Sun: Dance Hall Reggae.
Station Ten: Rob McDonald's turn to take over jam nite.

Thursday, September 14th

American Rock Café: Desire—U2 cover band?
Peel Pub: Randy Peters.
Rising Sun: Dance Hall Posse People.
Station Ten: Bokannon, sounds a lot like Bokomaru, that Deadhead tribute band.
Foufounes: The Flying Bulgar Klezmer Band. Nah.
Tycoon: The Perfect Now. I wonder if this band used to be the Now and then they got better. The Now were a Mod band from a few years back who released an album and then quickly packed it in.

Friday, September 15th

American Rock Café: Desire.
Peel Pub: Randy Peters rock the house and then go back to the Nation's capital.

Rising Sun: Speaking of the Nation's capital, here we've got Roots Movement from Ottawa.

Station Ten: Speaking of Grateful Dead tribute bands we've got Bokomaru.

Foufounes: Chris & Casey from England. They used to be in some band but I don't know which one. (Actually, it was Throbbing Gristle, the band that is credited with starting "Industrial Music", but they've mellowed out in their old age and added a drum machine so now they're more like Industrial Music for people over 30 to listen to while having afternoon tea. Or something like that—ed.)

La Terrasse: Herald Hunter, hosted by Jim Perry?

Le Tycoon: Gordon Friedel (or something like that) and the Medicine Men.

Saturday, September 16th

American Rock Café: Desire again.

Peel Pub: Randy Peters.

Rising Sun: Roots Movement from Ottawa. This reminds me I was just reading the Village Voice and they listed the Asexuals at CBGB's and they said they were from Toronto, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, aww... it's all the same.

Spectrum: Spyrogyra. The band that every radio talk show host uses as a theme song.

Station Ten: Midnight. When are they going on?

Foufounes: UK Subs from Ottawa, actually from England but you should know that by now. Opening band(s) are Last Generation from New York and the Ripcordz from Montreal but some people at Foufounes didn't know too much about the Ripcordz playing. Send your cards and letters in protest to Foufounes.

La Terrasse: Joe Liberty and the Incurable Dream. Apparently this band used to be Landed Immigrant. The new name sucks.

Le Tycoon: Trombador.

Sunday, September 17th

American Rock Café: Desire.
Peel Pub: Randy Peters. Home they's' a going.
Rising Sun: Reggae Jamdown with Rhythm Posse.
Station Ten: Trinity.
Foufounes: CKUT party but I have no idea what's going on.
La Terrasse: The band that used to be Landed Immigrant is here again. See yesterday's listing for more info.

Monday, September 18th

Peel Pub: The Big City band, coming back on the 20 recently I saw their name at a Vaudreuil club.
Rising Sun: Jam session with the Billy Boy Blues Band.
Station Ten: KGB.

Tuesday, September 19th

Peel Pub: Big City Band. What city are they talking about?
Rising Sun: Dance Hall Reggae.
Station Ten: Gerry Lee Arie. Who?

Wednesday, September 20th

Cafe Campus: Les Taches with the Jaguars. Quebecois rock at the Café.
Rising Sun: Dance Hall time again, with guess who.
Station Ten: Rick James jam night.
Foufounes: 24-7 Spyz. This is a band who's record I got in NYC, not really that interesting but they keep getting compared to Living Colour.

Thursday, September 21st

American Rock Café: Broken Smile.
Forum: Fine Young Cannibals with Neneh Cherry.

American Rock Café: 2080 Aylme. 288-9272
Cafe Campus: 3315 Queen Mary. 735-1259
Club Soda: 5240 Park. 270-7848
Concordia University: 1455 de Maisonneuve.
Foufounes Electriques: 97 Ste Catherine St. E. 845-5484

Grand Café: 1720 St. Denis 849-6955
Montreal Forum: 2313 Ste. Catherine W. 932-2582
Peel Pub: 1106 de Maisonneuve W. 845-9002
Rising Sun: 286 Ste Catherine St. W. 861-0657
SAS: 382 Mayor
Spectrum: 318 Ste. Catherine St. W. 861-5851
Station 10: 2071 Ste. Catherine St. W. 934-0484
Theatre St. Denis: 1594 St. Denis. 849-4211
Thunderdome: 1252 Stanley. 397-1628
Tycoon: 96 Sherbrooke St. W.

MONTREAL

Peel Pub: Big City Band.
Rising Sun: Another benefit for Sun Youth. This time featuring the Hodads and the Action.
Station Ten: EJ Brule (read Filler) and the Waystrel—what does that mean (It's a small migratory bird with bright red plumage which resides principally in the Azores mainly because the hotels are cheaper there and they don't have any chicken hawks. Either that or it's the second band at Station Ten tonight—ed.).
Foufounes: Slaughter with some guests. Six bucks at the door.

Friday, September 22nd
American Rock Café: Broken Smile are back again.
Peel Pub: The Big City Band.
Rising Sun: A tribute to James Brown featuring Willie Ray and the Rising Soul Machine. Interesting they're doing this in a bar instead of behind a bar.
Station Ten: The Closing Inn Band, closing in on what?
Foufounes: From England we have Pop Will Eat Itself.
Le Tycoon: 6 AM.

Saturday, September 23rd
American Rock Café: Broken Smile.
Peel Pub: Big City Band.
Rising Sun: Tribute to James Brown once again with the same people as once before.
Station Ten: Mistreated. Metal I bet.
Foufounes: Traffic D'Influence and Miriodor.
Tycoon: Norman Buhe, who?

Sunday, September 24th
American Rock Café: Broken Smile.
Forum: WWF, but no idea who's wrestling tonight.
Peel Pub: Big City Band leave and head for the hills. Did you know that if any of the waiters or waitresses at the Peel Pub break a glass or plate accidentally then they have to pay for it. This is the only bar or restaurant that I've heard of that has this policy.
Rising Sun: Rhythm Posse Jamdown.
Station Ten: The Action.

Monday, September 25th
Forum: Elton John. Can you believe it, this old dude is still around and now more popular than ever. You know once he recorded a disco version of Johnny

B. Goode.
Peel Pub: The Dean Brothers, sounds like a comedy duo.
Rising Sun: Jam session with the Crawdaddy Blues Band.
Station Ten: Valentine Tax.

Tuesday, September 26th
Forum: Elton John, he actually got two nights out of this.
Peel Pub: The Dean Brothers.
Rising Sun: Dance Hall stuff with the Rhythm Posse.
Station Ten: The Wild Frontier.

Wednesday, September 27th
Cafe Campus: The show of the night. From Philadelphia it's the Dead Milkmen. Four short, ugly lads who don't take themselves too seriously but are quite serious. Get it?
Station Ten: Jam night with Rob McDonald.
Foufounes: Junior Gone Wild. Go see how many in the band are from Montreal.

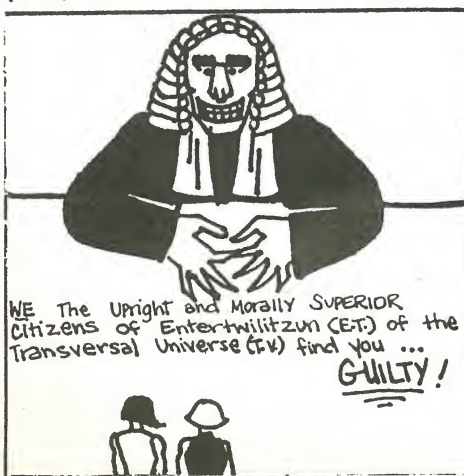
Thursday, September 28th
American Rock Café: Road Runner.
Peel Pub: The Dean Bros.
Rising Sun: Dance Hall Reagan.
Station Ten: Kliche.
Foufounes: Fugazi (see stolen tape story in NMS pull-out section) together with Broken Smile and Bliss.

Friday, September 29th
American Rock Café: Road Runner from who knows where.
Peel Pub: The Dean Brothers.
Rising Sun: JR Express.
Station Ten: Jerry and the Roosters. Jerry Jerry's spin-off band and they all have mohawks.
Foufounes: The Griffins.
Tycoon: Weather Permitting.

Saturday, September 30th
American Rock Café: Road Runner.
Peel Pub: The Dean Brothers.
Rising Sun: JR Express.
Station Ten: Dual record launch with the Ripcordz and the Hodads. The Hodads have had a record out for quite awhile and the Ripcordz don't have a record out, interesting concept. (You're just jealous—ed.)
La Terrasse: The Stratejackets and Morning After.
Le Tycoon: Weather Permitting.

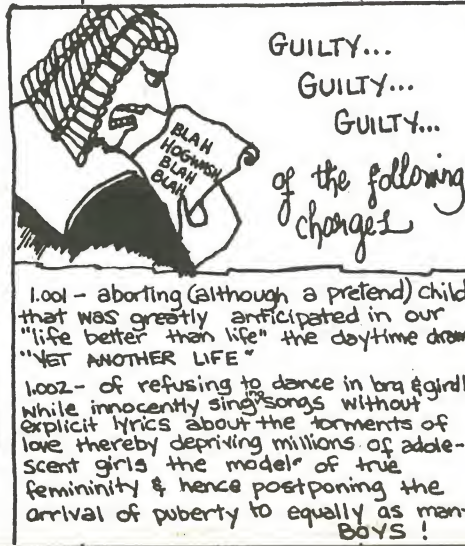
LIFE AMONG MIRTH AND DARKNESS

...APON BEING BROUGHT TO COURT FOR BREACH OF CONTRACT THE SISTERS ARE FOUND TO BE GUILTY OF MUCH, MUCH MORE!



WE The Upright and Morally Superior Citizens of Enter-willit-zun (ET) of the Transversal Universe (TV) find you ...

GUILTY!



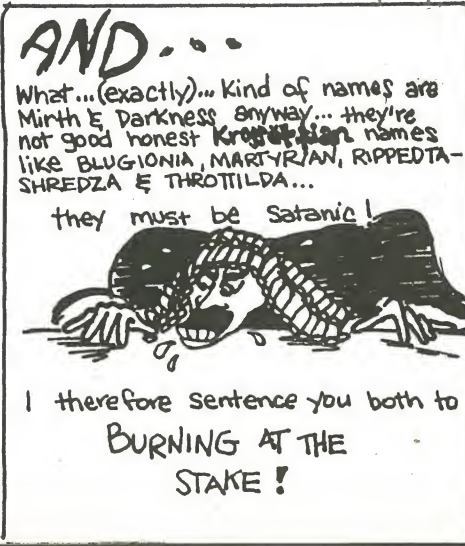
GUILTY...

GUILTY...

of the following charges

1.001 - aborting (although a pretend) child that was greatly anticipated in our "life better than life" the daytime drama "VET ANOTHER LIFE"

1.002 - of refusing to dance in bra & girdle while innocently sing songs without explicit lyrics about the torments of love thereby depriving millions of adolescent girls the model of true femininity & hence postponing the arrival of puberty to equally as many BOYS!



AND...

What... (exactly)... kind of names are Mirth & Darkness anyway... they're not good honest Kregorian names like BLUGIONIA, MARTYRIAN, RIPPEDTA-SHREDZA & THROTILDA...

they must be satanic!

I therefore sentence you both to BURNING AT THE STAKE!



BE OFF TO THE DUNGEONS WITH YOU BOTH UNTIL THE FINAL HOUR OF YOUR EXECUTION

THIS IS NOT WHAT I HAD IN MIND WHEN WE TOOK ON THIS MISSION

...EMPUSA & LALINE BETTER HAVE A RESCUE PLANNED... 'CAUSE LEFT TO OUR OWN DEVICES... IT COULD GET NASTY... AND THEY'LL FIND OUT JUST WHO'S SISTERS WE REALLY ARE!

WHAT?! OH-OH? WHO'S??

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"BETTER THAN A STICK IN THE EYE"

TUPELO CHAIN SEX

"4!"

RAY CONDO

"HOT 'N' COLD"

ASEXUALS

"DISH"

NO MEANS NO

"SMALL PARTS"

"DAY EVERYTHING BECAME NOTHING"

ON GARDE

"REARGARDE MAGAZINE PRESENTS
FOURTEEN MONTREAL BANDS"

MY DOG POPPER

"668 NEIGHBOR OF THE BEAST"

l e s d i s q u e s

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NEW RELEASES FROM

SST

THE LAST

"AWAKENING"

STONE BY STONE

"I PASS FOR HUMAN"
FEATURING CHRIS D. OF DEVINE
HORSEMEN

TROTSKY ICEPICK

"EL KABONG"

BUFFALO TOM

DEBUT. PRODUCED BY J. MASCUS OF
DINOSAUR JR.

COMING IN SEPTEMBER

H.R. "SINGING IN THE HEART"
MEAT PUPPETS "MONSTERS"

COMING IN OCTOBER

GRANT HART "INTOLERANCE"

NEW RELEASES FROM

WAX TRAX

PANKOW

"FREEDOM FOR SLAVES"
MIXED BY ADRIAN SHERWOOD

LAIBACH

"NOVA AKROPOLA"
MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO

"STORM THE STUDIO"
FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY

"NO LIMIT"
LA MUERTE
"DEATH RACE 2000"

**SOUTHERN
STUDIOS**

FUGAZI

"MARGIN WALKER"
NEW EP/CS/CD

CATCH FUGAZI LIVE

SEPTEMBER 28—MONTREAL
SEPTEMBER 29—OTTAWA
SEPTEMBER 30—GUELPH
SEPTEMBER 31—TORONTO